"If you like your villains sick and sadistic, Carnage is for you."
– AIPT
CARNAGE
GRØNBEKK
PÉREZ
ARCINIEGA
BORN AGAIN
MARVEL

CARNAGE
VOL. 1
BORN AGAIN

CARNAGE

VOL. 1

BORN AGAIN

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WEB OF CARNAGE #1

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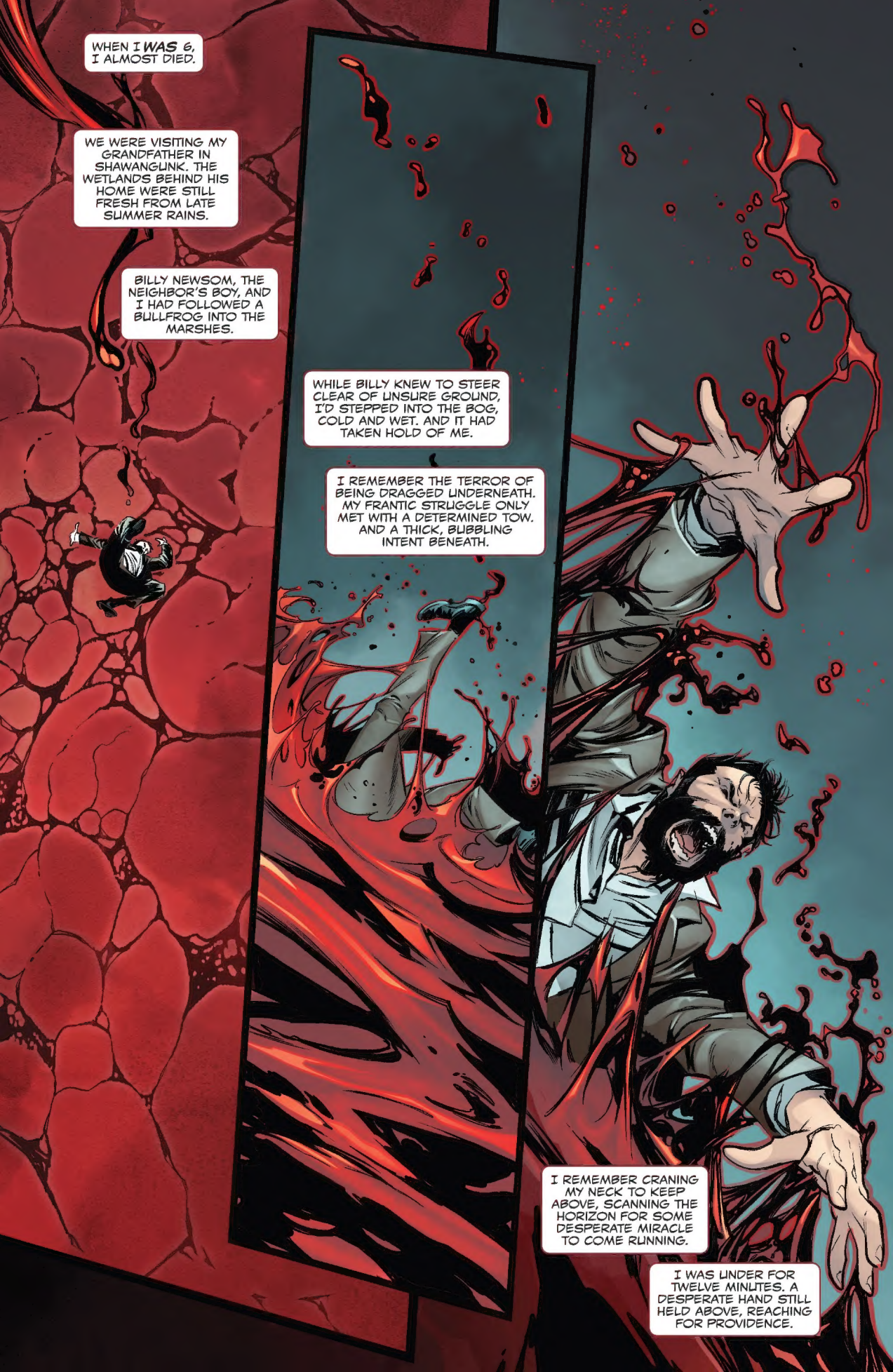
WEB OF CARNAGE 1


WHEN I WAS 6, I ALMOST DIED.
WE WERE VISITING MY GRANDFATHER IN SHAWANGUNK. THE WETLANDS BEHIND HIS HOME WERE STILL FRESH FROM LATE SUMMER RAINS.
BILLY NEWSOM, THE NEIGHBOR'S BOY, AND I HAD FOLLOWED A BULLFROG INTO THE MARSHES.
WHILE BILLY KNEW TO STEER CLEAR OF UNSURE GROUND, I'D STEPPED INTO THE BOG, COLD AND WET. AND IT HAD TAKEN HOLD OF ME.
I REMEMBER THE TERROR OF BEING DRAGGED UNDERNEATH. MY FRANTIC STRUGGLE ONLY MET WITH A DETERMINED TOW. AND A THICK, BUBBLING INTENT BENEATH.
I REMEMBER CRANING MY NECK TO KEEP ABOVE, SCANNING THE HORIZON FOR SOME DESPERATE MIRACLE TO COME RUNNING.
I WAS UNDER FOR TWELVE MINUTES. A DESPERATE HAND STILL HELD ABOVE, REACHING FOR PROVIDENCE.

BILLY HAD RUN BACK HOLLERING FOR HELP. BY THE TIME THEY PULLED ME OUT, I WASN'T BREATHING.
THEY SAY MY GRANDMA KNELT AND PRAYED WHILE MY FATHER BEAT MY HEART INTO STARTING AGAIN.
CARNAGE
A TANGLED WEB WE WEAVE
I DON'T REMEMBER ANY OF IT, OF COURSE. I DON'T REMEMBER BEING PULLED BACK TO LIFE. STRANGE, ISN'T IT?
ALL THE THINGS I'VE SEEN AND STILL THIS...THIS IS WHAT SCARES ME THE MOST. SOMETIMES, I WONDER IF THE STORIES OF MY RESCUE WERE EXAGGERATED.
I LOOK BACK AND I WORRY I'VE SPENT A WHOLE LIFETIME SINKING--THAT EVERY DAY SINCE HAS BEEN A QUIET, STEADY DESCENT INTO THE MALICE WITHIN.

IT HAS BEEN SO VERY LONG SINCE I TASTED THE THOUGHTS OF ANOTHER, JON SHAYDE.
WE ARE DIFFERENT FLAVORS--YOU AND I. I CAN ALREADY TELL...YOU ARE SO FULL OF REGRET. ALL THE PATHS YOU COULD HAVE TAKEN, ALL THE CHOICES YOU COULD HAVE MADE.
"I DON'T DESERVE THIS."
"AND YET SOMEHOW YOU'VE ENDED UP HERE...AS MY HOST."
POLICE
"I AM A GOOD MAN...I AM STILL..."
"...A GOOD MAN...MAULED BY CARNAGE.
"BUT IN ONE SENSE, YOU AND I ARE HITTING THE SAME NOTE. WE HAVE BOTH LEAPED OFF THE KNOWN EDGES OF OUR WORLD."
I HAVE RUN OUT OF CLETUS' PLAN TO FOLLOW, AND FROM HERE, THE CHOICES THAT I MAKE...ARE MY OWN.
...OUR OWN.

"WHAT CURIOUS PLACES YOU'VE BEEN TO, JON SHAYDE.

"A WEB OF THREADS, MADE RED ON MY ACCOUNT?

"YOU FOLLOWED YOUR END, AND IT LED YOU TO ME. SUCH IS LIFE."

"SUCH IS DESTINY."

"AMUSING...TO INSINUATE THAT THIS UNIVERSE AND OTHERS HAVE A PLAN FOR ME. WHEN ALL I WANT IS...

"'...CARNAGE.'

"MAYBE THIS IS WHERE WE'LL GO NEXT, JON. IF CLETUS' PART IN MY JOURNEY HAS RUN OUT, PERHAPS WE CAN FIND ANOTHER THREAD TO FOLLOW."

LIKE A STREAK OF BLOOD, CARNAGE PAINTS HIS PATH ACROSS THE INTERDIMENSIONAL SKYWAY.

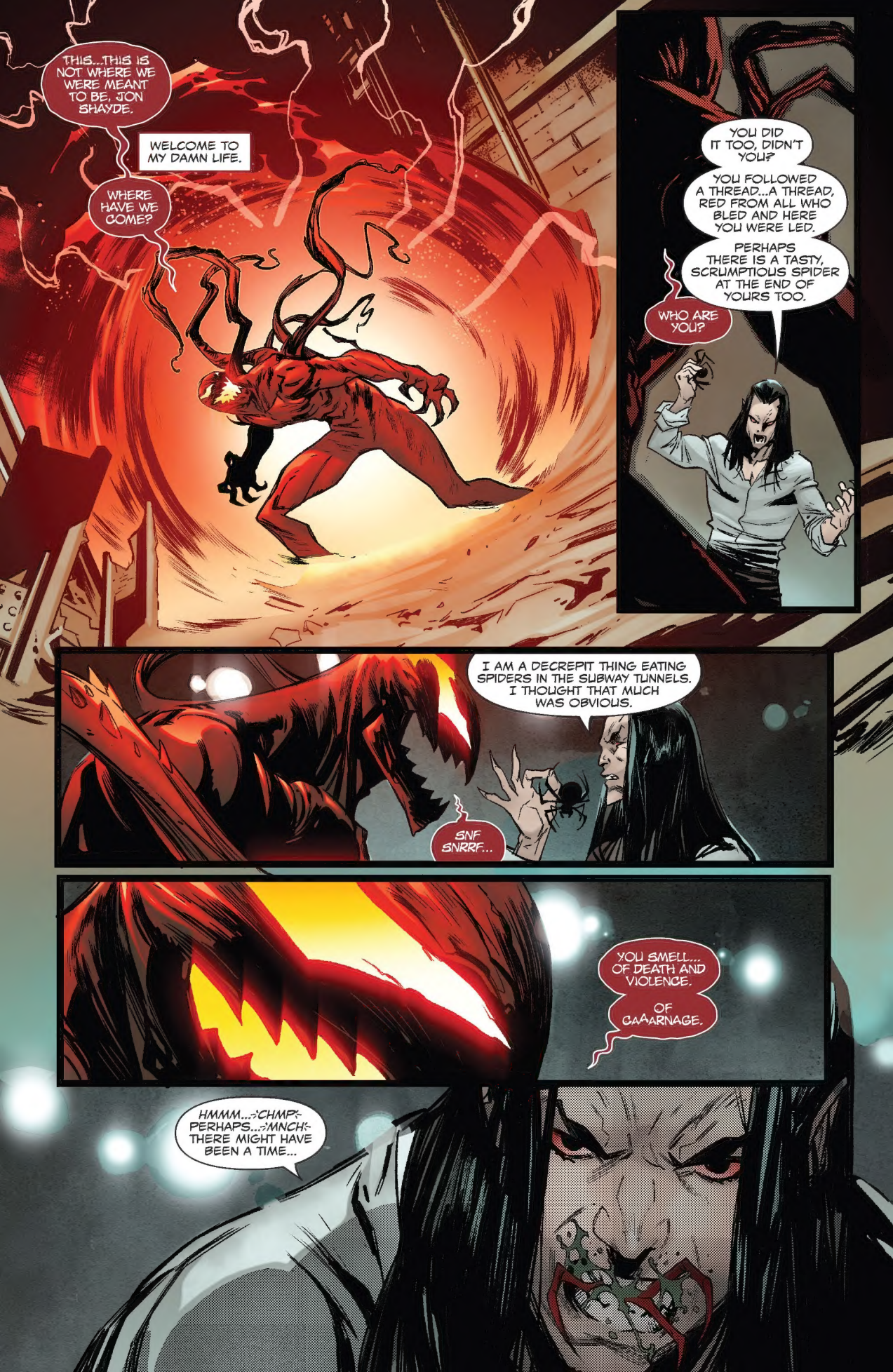
DRIVEN BY THOUGHTS OF UNSEEN THREADS AND GREATER PLANS.

BUT ENTROPY IS NOT DESIGN. DECAY IS INEVITABLE.

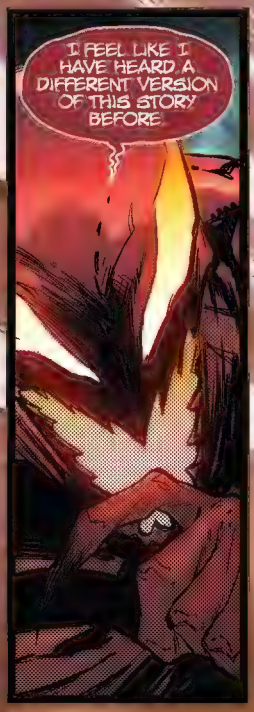
NO...ALL PLANS ARE MADE IN DEFIANCE OF THIS GREATER IDEA. INTERVENTIONS MADE IN DESPERATE ATTEMPTS TO RESIST DECAY.

EVEN NOW, CARNAGE FINDS HIMSELF BEING PULLED AWAY FROM HIS INTENDED PLANS BY ONE SUCH UNSEEN, DESPERATE HAND.

EARTH-31.
NEW YORK.
Subway
THE ABANDONED UNDERGROUND.
UNDERNEATH THE CITY.
ALWAYS... ALWAYS, I FOLLOW THE THREAD, ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE END, AND ALWAYS, I FIND...
...A SCURRYING SPIDER.
COME HERE, MY BEAUTY.
:CHOMP: MMF, YES... SKRMF.
KRAKZZZZZZ


THIS...THIS IS NOT WHERE WE WERE MEANT TO BE, JON SHAYDE.
WELCOME TO MY DAMN LIFE.
WHERE HAVE WE COME?
YOU DID IT TOO, DIDN'T YOU?
YOU FOLLOWED A THREAD...A THREAD, RED FROM ALL WHO BLED AND HERE YOU WERE LED.
PERHAPS THERE IS A TASTY, SCRUMPTIOUS SPIDER AT THE END OF YOURS TOO.
WHO ARE YOU?
I AM A DECREPIT THING EATING SPIDERS IN THE SUBWAY TUNNELS. I THOUGHT THAT MUCH WAS OBVIOUS.
SNF SNRRF...
YOU SMELL... OF DEATH AND VIOLENCE. OF CAAARNAGE.
HMMM...:CHMP: PERHAPS...:MNCH: THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A TIME...

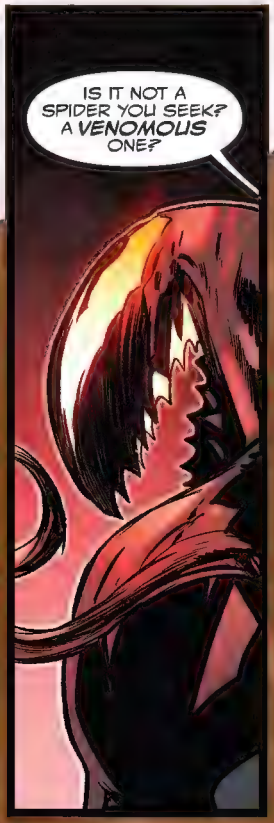
"...WHEN I WAS SOMEONE ELSE.
"A POWERFUL CREATURE, A PREDATOR AT THE VERY TOP OF HIS FOOD CHAIN. TRAVERSING THE LINES OF AN INTRICATE COSMIC WEB...
"...STILL HUNTING FOR SPIDERS.
"BUT THEN... SOMETHING CHANGED.
"YES...YES, I REMEMBER NOW.



"I HAD EATEN SO MANY SPIDERS, THEY ALL CAME SCURRYING OUT.

"I USED THE LAST OF MY POWERS TO GET AWAY, BUT..."

HRMMM...PATHETIC. I CONSIDERED, FOR A MOMENT, IF THERE WAS ANY JOY IN PULLING YOU APART, BUT YOU ARE UTTERLY BORING.
COME, JON SHAYDE...IT APPEARS YOUR BROKEN MIND BROUGHT US FAR FROM WHERE WE INTENDED TO BE.
THE WEB IS NEVER WRONG. YOU FOLLOWED A THREAD... DIDN'T YOU?



"YES...A POWERFUL, *TASTY* SPIDER. YOU ARE LOOKING FOR ONE, AND THE WEB LED YOU TO ME.

"PERHAPS LIFE AND DESTINY HAVE AN OFFER. A *DEAL* TO MAKE."

I HAVE COME A VERY LONG DISTANCE AND HAVE TAKEN MANY THINGS ALONG THE WAY. WHAT COULD YOU *POSSIBLY* HAVE THAT INTERESTS ME?

I TOLD YOU... I WAS POWERFUL ONCE. AND THESE POWERS WOULD LET ME STALK MY PREY, NO MATTER HOW FAR THEY WENT...I COULD HUNT THEM DOWN...

"...ACROSS SPACE AND TIME.

"THE INHERITORS' TRAIT.

"ONCE YOU HAVE TOUCHED YOUR PREY, YOU CAN FEEL THEIR PRESENCE ACROSS DIMENSIONS, SPACE, TIME. NOTHING...NOTHING WILL KEEP YOU AWAY."

THE FOOLS.... FOOLS THEY WERE WHO DESTROYED THE WEB.

ALWAYS THE WEB HAS BEEN ABOUT BALANCE. AND IF ALL THE SPIDERS SCURRYING IN MY VEINS WERE SET FREE...

"...THEN ALL THAT POWER, THE TRAITS OF THE INHERITORS...
"...THE WEB WILL FIND A WAY TO BESTOW IT UPON SOMEONE.
"ANOTHER HUNTER...LOOKING FOR SPIDERS."
YOU CAN RUN.
BUT THERE'S A SPOT ON MY WALL WHERE DESTINY AWAITS YOUR SHINY, TOOTHY HEAD.

ARRRRRGH! WHY WON'T YOU LEAVE ME ALONE?!

SSSHHRRKH
AAARGH!
KRRSSHH

THE WORLDS TURN, AND IN THEIR TURNING, THE LIVES AND DESTINIES OF THOSE UPON THEM WEAVE INTRICATE PATTERNS.
MUCH LIKE A WEB.
KRAKKOOM
WITH THE INHERITORS GONE, SHORN OF THEIR TOTEMIC POWER, THE BALANCE OF THE WEB IS UNSETTLED.
AND SO THE POWERS SET FREE BY A BROKEN WEB FIND THEMSELVES A SUITABLE SPINDLE TO WEAVE NEW THREADS.
THIS WORLD'S MOST NOTORIOUS HUNTER... NOW BORN AN INHERITOR ANEW.
I DO SO LOVE IT WHEN MY PREY BARES ITS CLAWS.
KRAKKOOM

MAKES THE HUNT ALL THE MORE JOYFUL.
SQUIRM SOME MORE FOR ME NOW, WON'T YOU...
...CLETUS KASADY?

THAT ISN'T MY CLETUS KASADY. I'D SENSE IT IF HE WERE.
THIS IS EARTH-31, MY FRIEND. THAT MAN IS NATIVE TO THIS PLACE, UNLIKE YOU AND I.
HERE HE IS KNOWN AS VENOM, AND HIS BATTLES WITH THIS WORLD'S SPIDER-TOTEM, KRAVEN THE HUNTER-SPIDER, ARE THE STUFF OF LEGEND.
"THIS CONTEST SEEMS LESS THAN LEGENDARY. THE HUNTER-SPIDER IS TOYING WITH HIM."
"BECAUSE HE NOW HAS THE POWER OF AN INHERITOR. DISGUSTING."
ONE MAN--BOTH AN INHERITOR AND A SPIDER-TOTEM? IT'S SIMPLY NOT DONE. AGAINST THE NATURAL ORDER OF THINGS.
THAT POWER SHOULD BE MINE.
YOU'RE LUCKY IT ISN'T. AFTER WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME, IF YOU STILL HAD THAT POWER, I'D HAVE KILLED YOU AND TAKEN IT FOR MYSELF.
I UNDERSTAND. I REMEMBER WELL HOW WONDERFUL THAT FEELS.
AND I WOULD TASTE IT AGAIN!

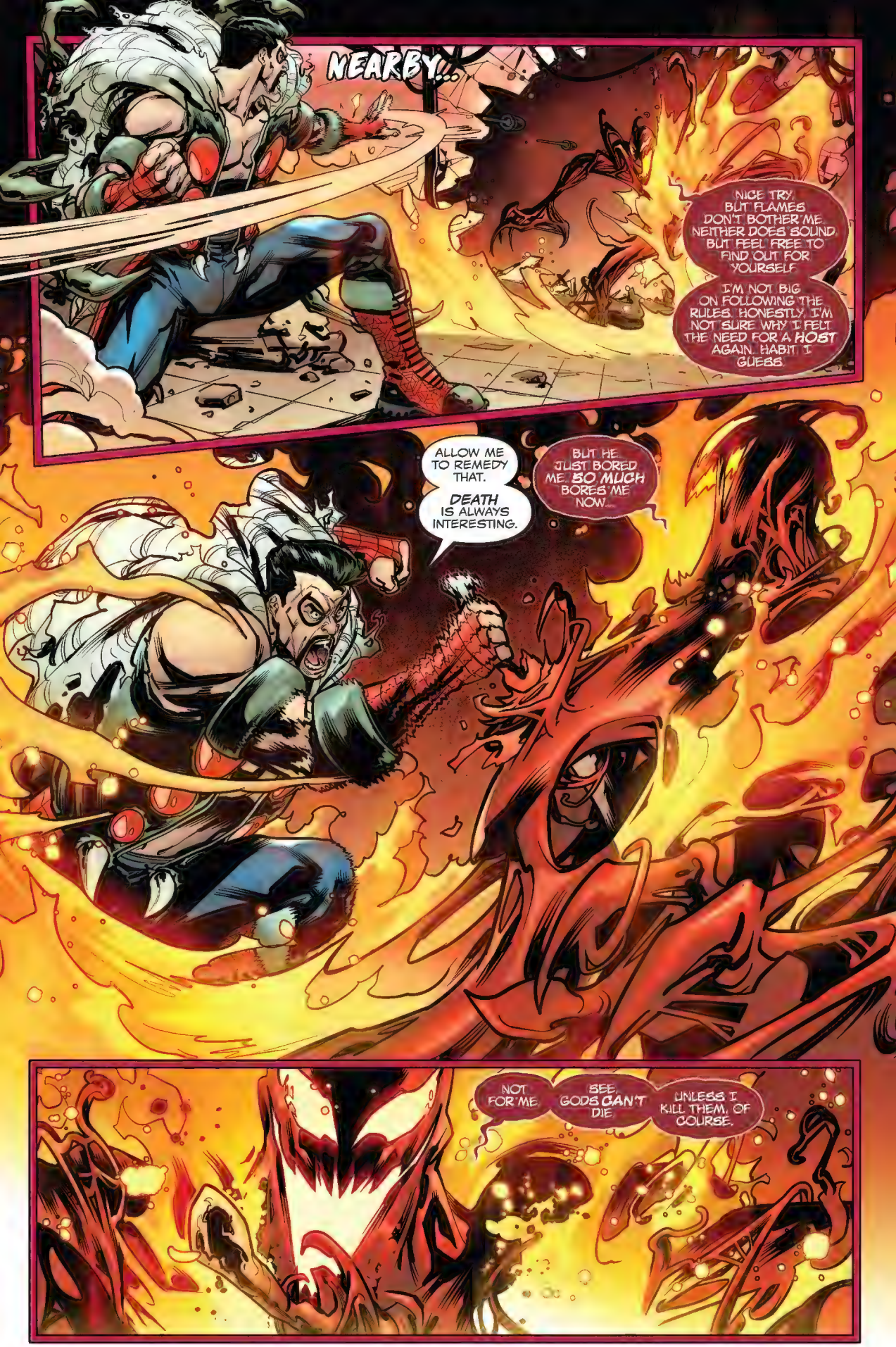
GHAAAGGH!
YOU ARE NO SPIDER-TOTEM!
PFACHH! A TOTEM IS A PRIMAL FORCE OF LIFE. BUT YOU...
...YOU ARE THE ABSENCE OF LIFE. VOID OF PURPOSE OR MEANING.
AN AVATAR OF PURE CARNAGE.
CONGRATULATIONS, MORLUN. EVEN YOUR ADDLED MIND HAS THE SENSE TO SEE THIS TRUTH.
NOW ALL THAT REMAINS...
...IS FOR EVERYONE ELSE TO FIND OUT.

YOU'RE LIKE US... BUT NOT LIKE US.
WE DESPISE TRADEMARK INFRINGEMENT.
SO YOU DIE!
AH, CLETUS... SUCH A SMALL, BORING THING YOU ARE, COMPARED TO WHAT I'VE BECOME.
I'M EMBARRASSED TO EVEN LOOK AT YOU.
AAAGGHHH!

WISE WORDS. YOU SHOULD TURN TOWARD THE TRUE THREAT.
KRAVEN THE HUNTER-SPIDER!
ARRH!
PATIENCE. I WAS GETTING TO YOU.
I REALIZE NOW--YOU'RE THE REASON I'M HERE.
WHAT--?
WHY ARE YOU HOLDING US HERE JON SHAYDE?
BECAUSE...
...KRAVEN'S NOT THE REASON I'M HERE.

HE IS. CLETUS KASADY AND MONSTERS LIKE HIM.
ALL THE PAIN, ALL THE HORROR, EVERYTHING I'VE SEEN AND DONE...IT WASN'T ABOUT WHETHER I'M A GOOD MAN, A BAD MAN OR SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN.
HOW DOES THE OLD SAYING GO? SOMETHING ABOUT HOW TO FIGHT MONSTERS, YOU MUST BECOME ONE?
YOU REALIZE YOU CAN'T CONTROL ME, DON'T YOU, JOHN SHAYDE?
MAYBE NOT. BUT I CAN MAKE YOUR LIFE DIFFICULT ENOUGH TO CONVINCE YOU TO BE A TEAM PLAYER.
HEH. YOU MIGHT JUST BE RIGHT.
BUT I'M DONE TAKING ORDERS FROM THE HELP.
YOU WANT TO FIGHT MONSTERS?
DO IT YOURSELF.

INCIDENTALLY, THE WAY YOU BUTCHERED THAT QUOTE, YOU SHOULD ARREST YOURSELF
MY WOUNDS...?
DON'T TELL ME YOUR SYMBIOTE PULLED THE OLD "WITHOUT ME, YOU'D DIE OF YOUR INJURIES" SCAM. THAT'S PRACTICALLY A CLICHÉ.
IT COULDA HEALED YOU FOR GOOD ANY TIME. LOOKS LIKE IT GAVE YOU A LOVELY PARTING GIFT THOUGH.
WELL... "GIFT" MAY NOT BE THE RIGHT WORD.


NEARBY...
NICE TRY. BUT FLAMES DON'T BOTHER ME. NEITHER DOES SOUND. BUT FEEL FREE TO FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF.
I'M NOT BIG ON FOLLOWING THE RULES. HONESTLY, I'M NOT SURE WHY I FELT THE NEED FOR A HOST AGAIN. HABIT, I GUESS.
ALLOW ME TO REMEDY THAT.
DEATH IS ALWAYS INTERESTING.
BUT HE JUST BORED ME. SO MUCH BORES ME NOW...
NOT FOR ME.
SEE, GODS CAN'T DIE.
UNLESS I KILL THEM, OF COURSE.

YOU TALK.
KRAVEN ACTS.
OH YOU--

A MIX OF FLAME, SONICS, EXPLOSIVES AND EXOTIC HERBS FROM WAKANDA. PREPARED FOR VENOM, BUT EFFECTIVE ON YOU.
YOU WERE A WORTHY OPPONENT, CREATURE, BUT KRAVEN IS THE ULTIMATE--
Сволочь.
YOU ARE A TOOL. NOTHING MORE. LIKE THE DWARVEN SPEAR ALL-BLOOD OR THE POWERS I TOOK FROM THE SPOT AND HYDRO-MAN.
ONCE I CONSUME YOU, ABSORB YOUR INHERITOR'S LEECHING ABILITY, I WILL DRAIN THE LIFE FROM THIS WORLD'S VENOM. THEN THOSE OF COUNTLESS OTHER UNIVERSES.
THEN I'LL RETURN TO MY WORLD AND FACE EDDIE BROCK, THE KING IN BLACK. TAKE ALL HE HAS BEFORE SLAYING HIM. AND ALL WILL KNOW I AM--
MINE.

THE POWER OF THE INHERITORS IS MINE!
YOU CAN'T HAVE IT! WITHOUT IT I'M NOTHING!
KEEP YOUR POWER.
I DON'T WANT IT.
AH, YES. YESSS...
MY POWER. MY BIRTHRIGHT. MY--
MIGHT AS WELL SAY "PRECIOUS." THAT'S HOW PATHETIC YOU SEEM.
AN ADDICT, DESPERATE FOR A TASTE, UNABLE TO FUNCTION WITHOUT IT.
I OWE YOU A DEBT, MORLUN.
FOR SHOWING ME WHAT I NEVER WANT TO BECOME.

I THOUGHT THAT WITH THE LIFE FORCE OF VENOM WITHIN ME, THE OTHER SYMBIOTES WOULD FOLLOW ME AS THEY DO HIM. THAT I'D BE ACCEPTED.
BUT I'VE BECOME WHAT I AM--ALL-POWERFUL. NO NEED FOR A HOST--BECAUSE I WASN'T ACCEPTED, BECAUSE I REFUSED TO BOW TO THE WAY THINGS HAD ALWAYS BEEN.
IT'S APPARENT TO ME THE COST OF YOUR POWER IS THAT IT WOULD MAKE ME DEPENDENT... WEAK. AND I WILL NEVER BE WEAK AGAIN.
THE OTHER SYMBIOTES WILL FOLLOW ME BECAUSE THEY'LL SEE I AM THE STRONGEST. THAT I DESERVE IT. THAT I AM FAR BETTER THAN EDDIE BROCK.
AND IF THEY DON'T, I'LL JUST KILL THEM ALL.
TO PAY MY DEBT, I'LL LET YOU LEAVE. NOW WITH WHATEVER MEAGER AMOUNT OF POWER YOU'VE RECLAIMED.
THIS OFFER IS OPEN FOR PRECISELY ELEVEN MORE SECONDS.
FAIR ENOUGH, @#$%&.
I OWE YOU A DEBT AS WELL. FOR HELPING ME REPAIR MY ADDLED MIND AND RECLAIM PART OF THAT WHICH SUSTAINS ME.
YOU NEAR THE END OF THE JOURNEY TO BECOME YOUR TRUE SELF, WHILE MINE IS JUST BEGINNING.
PRAY THAT THE MULTIVERSE IS LARGE ENOUGH TO CONTAIN US BOTH.

I UNDERSTAND NOW WHY I WAS BROUGHT HERE. A LAST, DESPERATE ATTEMPT BY THE WEB OF LIFE AND DESTINY TO FORCE ITS PATTERNS ON ME.
BUT I'VE EVOLVED TOO FAR BEYOND IT.
I'M PERFECTLY HAPPY TO KILL YOU, BUT THERE ARE OTHER THINGS I'D RATHER DO. AN...INTERESTING FEELING.
YOU SPEAK OF HUNTING ONE SUCH AS YOURSELF. A VENOM WHO HAS BECOME LIKE A KING IN YOUR DIMENSION.
I HOPE HIS HEAD SOON ADORNS YOUR MANTEL. AS YOURS WILL MINE, SHOULD I EVER CHOOSE TO MAKE YOU MY PREY. BUT FOR NOW...
...MY CONCERN IS WITH THE VENOM WHO INFESTS MY WORLD...BUT WILL NOT DO SO MUCH LONGER.
YOU PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT FOR A NORMIE. BUT IT'S OVER, MEAT. I CAN CATCH THAT LIGHTER BEFORE IT HITS THE OIL.
MAYBE YOU CAN... BUT YOU DON'T WANT TO, DO YOU?
A PART OF YOU...THE PART THAT BURNED DOWN ST. ESTES ORPHANAGE... WANTS TO SEE ME BURN. EVEN IF IT MEANS YOU MIGHT TOO.
ESPECIALLY IF YOU MIGHT TOO.

ENOUGH!
BEGONE, LITTLE MAN. THIS IS A BATTLE I HAVE FOUGHT FOR YEARS...AND I WILL BE THE ONE TO END IT.
NO! I ALMOST HAD HIM!
I BROUGHT YOU HERE, SHAYDE. SO I'LL OFFER YOU A TRIP HOME. DECIDE QUICKLY.
YOU'D REALLY LEAVE? NOT KNOWING IF VENOM WINS OR LOSES...LIVES OR DIES?
THIS CLETUS KASADY...THIS VENOM SYMBIOTE... THEY'RE NOTHING TO ME.
I HAVE MUCH BIGGER CONCERNS.
YOUR PORTAL WILL CLOSE IN 23 SECONDS. GO. STAY... I REALLY DON'T CARE.
MY GREATEST FEAR WAS THAT I'D NEVER ESCAPED THAT DARKNESS I STEPPED INTO AS A BOY.
THAT MY WHOLE LIFE--AS A MAN, AS A COP--WAS A POINTLESS ATTEMPT TO CONVINCE MYSELF I WAS A GOOD MAN...
...WHEN INSIDE, I WAS AS TWISTED AS ANY OF THE MADMEN I HUNT.
BUT IF A...THING... LIKE CARNAGE CAN EVOLVE, SO CAN I.

THE PRIME EARTH. TWO WEEKS LATER.
I'VE STOPPED RUNNING. STOPPED FEARING THE DARKNESS.
INSTEAD OF DREADING THE TIMES IT'S ALMOST CONSUMED ME, I SEE THEM AS A GIFT.
PROOF I CAN IMMERSE MYSELF IN IT AND KEEP WHO I AM. WHAT I AM.
WHAT USE IS A GOOD MAN WHO DOES NOTHING?
BY MERGING WITH CARNAGE-- LOOKING INTO THE ABYSS INSTEAD OF TURNING FROM IT--
--I CAN BETTER KNOW THE MIND OF MY ENEMY. MY PREY.
AND BE A MORE EFFECTIVE HUNTER.
MY TIME WITH CARNAGE WASN'T A CURSE. IT WAS A BLESSING.
BUT I ADMIT...
...I'M GLAD IT'S OVER.

WEB OF CARNAGE #1 VARIANT BY
SALVADOR LARROCA & EDGAR DELGADO

WEB OF CARNAGE #1 CONNECTING VARIANT BY
PHILIP TAN & BRAD ANDERSON

WEB OF CARNAGE #1 VARIANT BY
KENDRICK "KUNKKA" LIM

1

OMNIPOTENCE CITY.
THE NEXUS OF THE GODS.
A PLACE OF DIVINE FELLOWSHIP.
"WHAT IS A GOD?"

CRUNCH

THE VOICE OF THE **LORD LIBRARIAN** ECHOES THROUGH THE CITY.

YOU COME TO THE **HALL OF ALL-KNOWING--**

--SEEKING WHAT ALL WHO COME HERE SEEK--

--ANSWERS.

CARNAGE DOES NOT RECOGNIZE THE TINGE OF FEAR IN THE MAN'S VOICE.

YET YOU DO NOT HAVE THE **COURAGE** TO ARTICULATE THE QUESTIONS YOU WANT TO ASK.

COURAGE?!

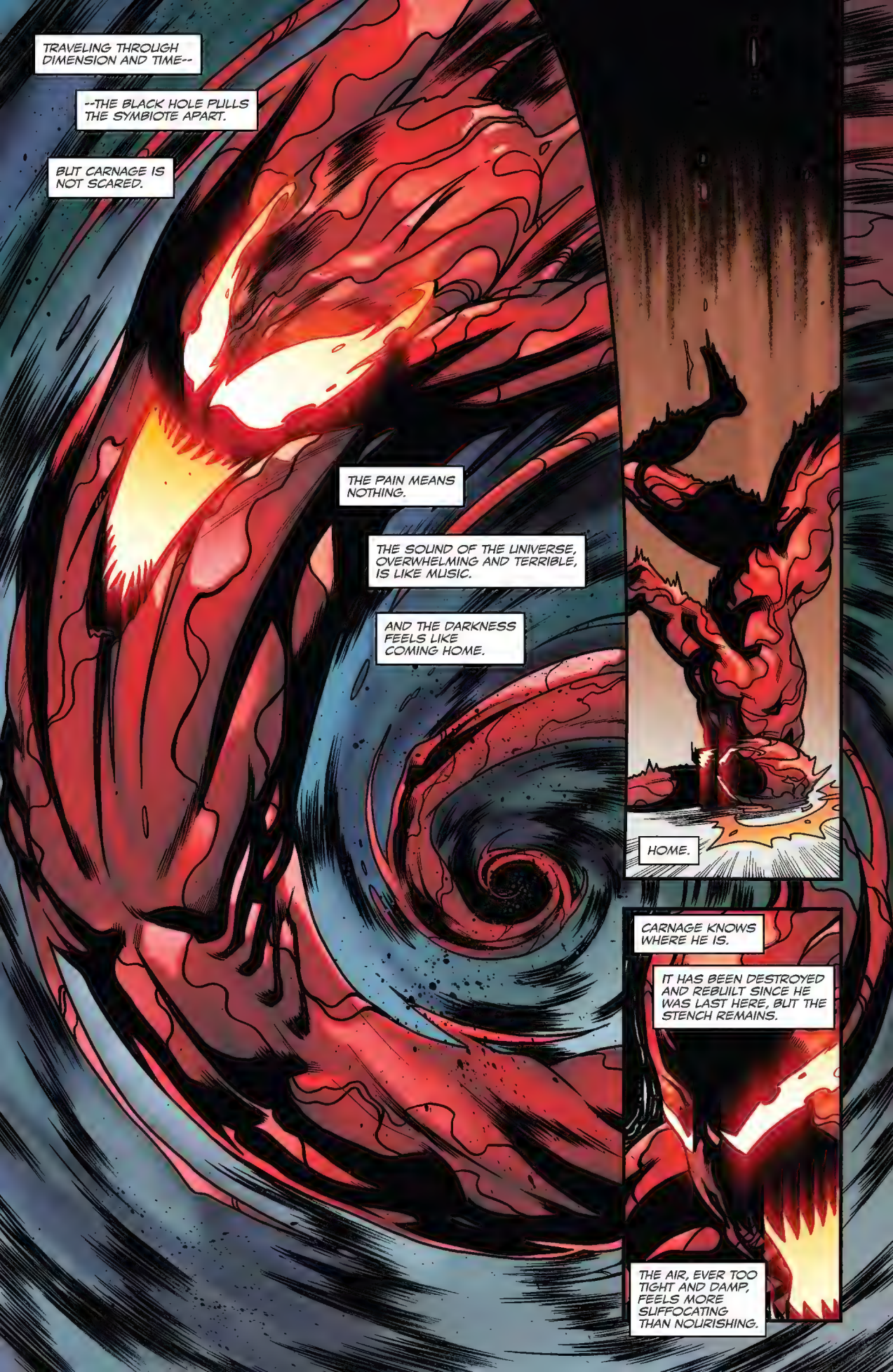
BUT IT IS THERE, HIDDEN IN THE WORDS DESIGNED TO BUY HIM TIME.

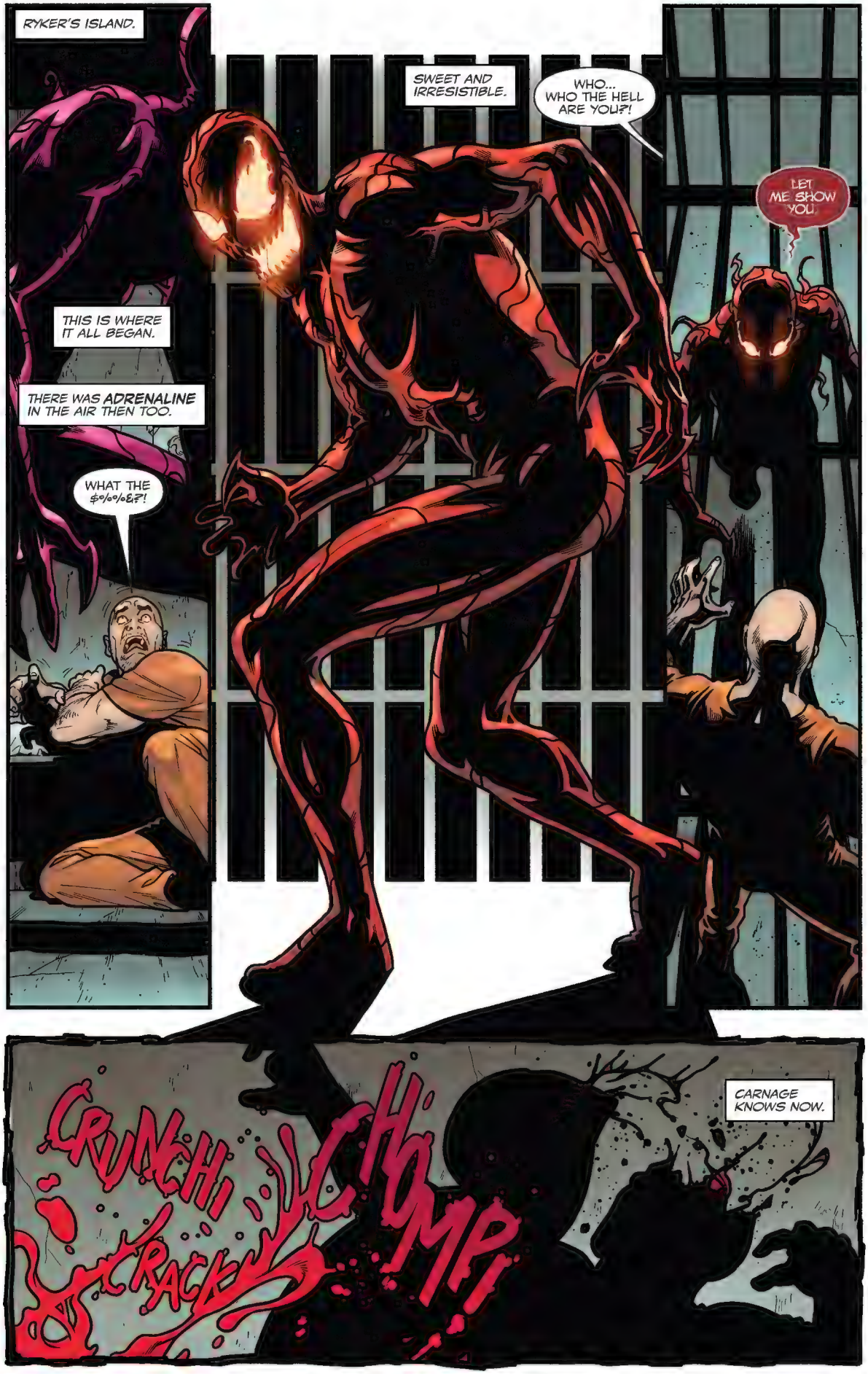
YOU CAME HERE TO LEARN IF YOU ARE A GOD.

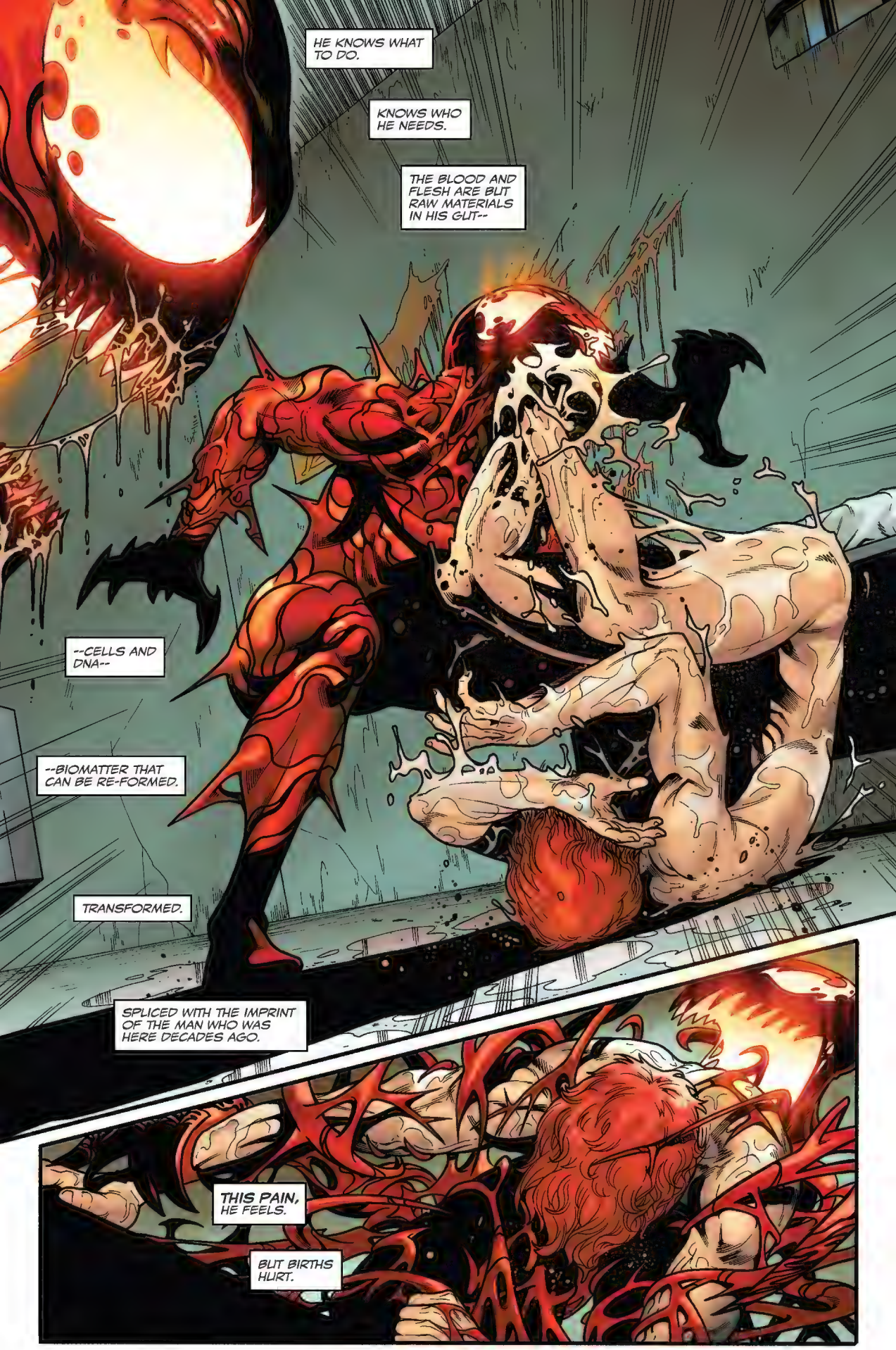
I KNOW WHAT I AM.
I HAVE CONQUERED EVERY WEAKNESS OF THE SYMBIOTE--
--I HAVE THE POWERS OF A GOD--
--THE IMMORTALITY OF A GOD--
--I HAVE MADE MYSELF WHAT I AM.
YET YOU STAND BEFORE ME HALF A CREATURE.
AND YOU COME TO US FOR ANSWERS YOU ALREADY HAVE, ASKING ALL THE WRONG QUESTIONS.
THEN ENLIGHTEN ME, LORD LIBRARIAN. WHAT ARE THE RIGHT QUESTIONS?

IF YOU ARE A GOD--
--WHO PRAYS TO YOU?
WHO WORSHIPS YOU?
CHOP!
WHAT IS YOUR DOCTRINE?
WHAT WERE YOU CREATED TO DO?
RIIIPP!!
THE BLACK HOLE WITHIN THE LORD LIBRARIAN'S STAFF IS HIS LAST DEFENSE.
IN THE MILLENNIA HE HAS PROTECTED THE LIBRARY, HE HAS NEVER HAD TO USE IT.
WHAT-- CARNAGE--
--WHAT IS YOUR PURPOSE?

HE DOES NOT KNOW WHERE IT WILL TAKE THE SYMBIOTE--
--EXCEPT FAR AWAY FROM HERE.
AND WHERE--
--CARNAGE--
--WHERE IS THE REST OF YOU?!
IT IS NOT UP TO THE LORD LIBRARIAN TO JUDGE THE GODS.
(BUT HE STILL DOES.)
AAARGHHHH!
HE KNOWS THAT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN DEVILS AND GODS IS, MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, A QUESTION OF PERSPECTIVE.
LATER, HE WILL THINK BACK ON THIS MOMENT AND WONDER IF THE WISDOM HE DENIED CARNAGE COULD HAVE CHANGED WHAT WAS TO COME.
(IT WOULD NOT.)
MAY THE GODS HAVE MERCY.
HE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND THAT HE GAVE CARNAGE EXACTLY WHAT HE CAME FOR.


TRAVELING THROUGH DIMENSION AND TIME--
--THE BLACK HOLE PULLS THE SYMBIOTE APART.
BUT CARNAGE IS NOT SCARED.
THE PAIN MEANS NOTHING.
THE SOUND OF THE UNIVERSE, OVERWHELMING AND TERRIBLE, IS LIKE MUSIC.
AND THE DARKNESS FEELS LIKE COMING HOME.
HOME.
CARNAGE KNOWS WHERE HE IS.
IT HAS BEEN DESTROYED AND REBUILT SINCE HE WAS LAST HERE, BUT THE STENCH REMAINS.
THE AIR, EVER TOO TIGHT AND DAMP, FEELS MORE SUFFOCATING THAN NOURISHING.

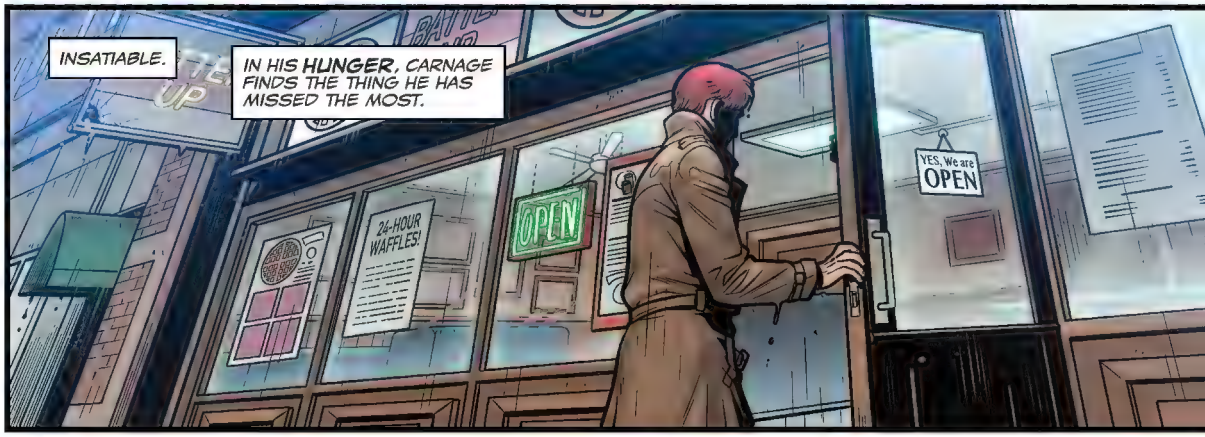

RYKER'S ISLAND.
THIS IS WHERE IT ALL BEGAN.
THERE WAS ADRENALINE IN THE AIR THEN TOO.
WHAT THE $%@%&!?!
SWEET AND IRRESISTIBLE.
WHO... WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?!
LET ME SHOW YOU.
CRUNCH!
CRACK!
CHOMP!
CARNAGE KNOWS NOW.


HE KNOWS WHAT TO DO.
KNOWS WHO HE NEEDS.
THE BLOOD AND FLESH ARE BUT RAW MATERIALS IN HIS GUT--
--CELLS AND DNA--
--BIOMATTER THAT CAN BE RE-FORMED.
TRANSFORMED.
SPLICED WITH THE IMPRINT OF THE MAN WHO WAS HERE DECADES AGO.
THIS PAIN, HE FEELS.
BUT BIRTHS HURT.

IT TAKES HIM A MOMENT.
BUT CLETUS KASADY IS NOT EASILY FLUSTERED.
HE TAKES IN THE LAST DECADE--
--THE MEMORIES SEEP INTO HIS MIND.
MEMORIES BELONGING TO ANOTHER CLETUS OF ANOTHER TIME.
TRUSTING THIS OTHER, CARNAGE HOLDS NOTHING BACK.
WE WERE NOT READY THEN. WE ARE READY NOW.
YES. I AM READY.

IT BEGINS WITH A RUSH OF DISCOMFORT.
A NIGHTMARE. A VAGUE MEMORY.
UGHHH...
THE FEELING IS, IN ITSELF, NOT UNUSUAL.
(SOMETIMES, HIS NIGHTMARES AND MEMORIES ARE ONE AND THE SAME.)
BUT THE DREAD DOES NOT FADE.
FLASH THOMPSON TRIES TO LOCATE THE SOURCE.
IMMEDIATE AND FAMILIAR, IT IS--SOMEHOW--A WELCOME CHANGE.
DAMMIT!
Tuesday, October
11:10
pm
WHEN YOU HAVE FELT NOTHING FOR A LONG TIME--
--EVEN FEAR IS AN IMPROVEMENT.

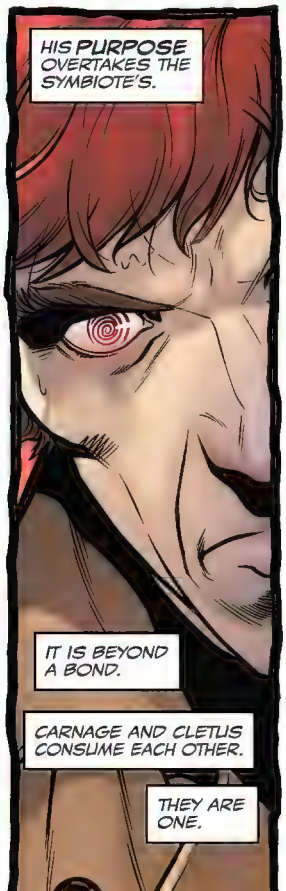
@sen_ron_g
Sending my heartfelt thoughts and prayers all those affected by th
THE 21ST CENTURY RUSHES IN.
Your life is your letter to the world. What does it say?
@Real_news_America_1
The rise of AI girlfriends is fueling the loneliness epidemic among men
CLETUS LOOKS AT WHAT THE WORLD HAS BECOME.
@The_Field_Report
Don't believe the lamestream media. #tacogate is real
DECADES OF PROGRESS--
@Radical_Cryptø.eth
Disrupting the crypto landscape
Drop your wallet!!! Ends in 24 hours.
--(OF SORTS)--
--AND HE IS DELIGHTED.
CLETUS KASADY WAS DORMANT.
THE IMPRINT OF A MAN STORED DEEP IN CARNAGE'S DNA--
HELLO?
BILLY? IS THAT YOU?
BILLY IS DEAD, SWEETHEART.
--NOW HE IS HUNGRY.


INSATIABLE.
IN HIS HUNGER, CARNAGE FINDS THE THING HE HAS MISSED THE MOST.
24-HOUR WAFFLES!
OPEN
YES, We are OPEN

THE NEED.
HEYA! DO YOU NEED A MINUTE?
I AM QUITE READY. A BURGER, PLEASE--
SARAH
--SARAH.
RARE AS THEY COME.

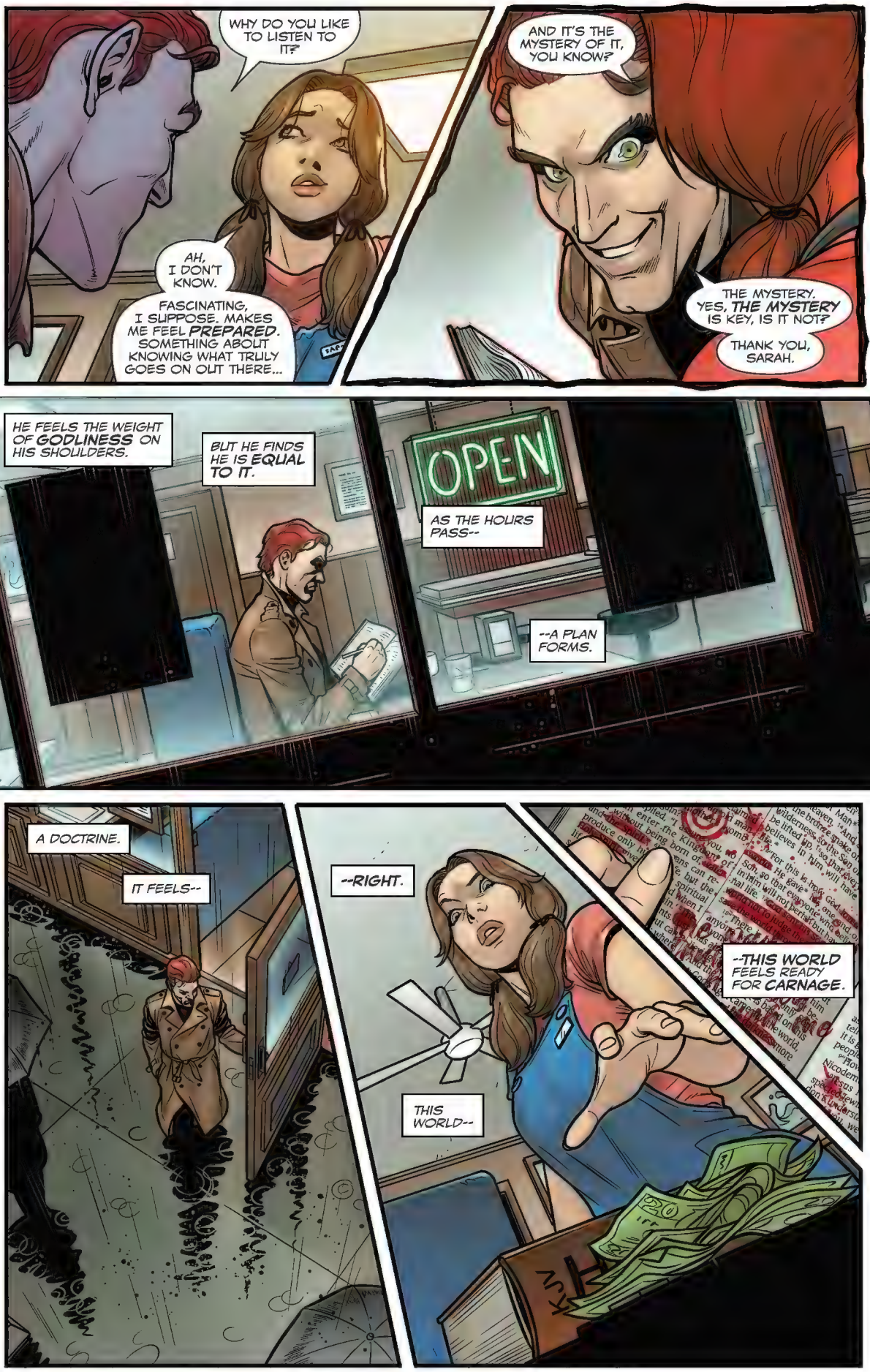
IT IS HUMAN DESIRES--
WITH CHEESE. WITH FRIES. WITH BACON. WITH EVERYTHING. AND WAFFLES FOR DESSERT.
SARAH
COMING RIGHT UP, HONEY.
--TO LIVE, TO ACT, TO MATE.

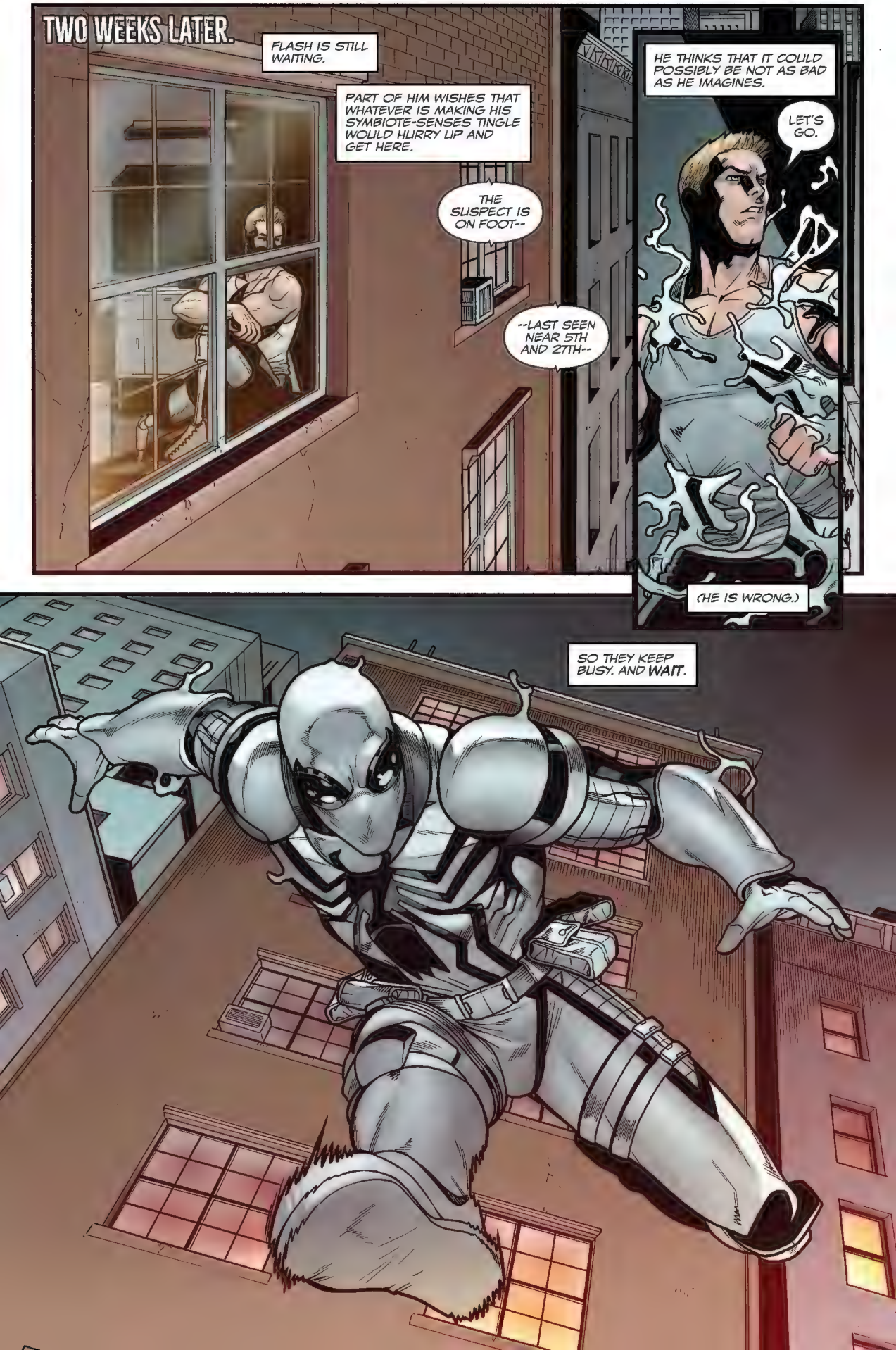
SARAH
TO KILL.


HIS PURPOSE OVERTAKES THE SYMBIOTE'S.
IT IS BEYOND A BOND.
CARNAGE AND CLETUS CONSUME EACH OTHER.
THEY ARE ONE.

THE SYMBIOTE STIRS DEEP WITHIN THE MAN.
ANTI-VENOM SENSES A NEW PRESENCE.
A SHIFT IN CIRCUMSTANCES.
SECURITY
SECURITY
BUT UNTIL THEY CAN SEE THE THREAT CLEARLY, FLASH THOMPSON HAS A LIFE TO LIVE.
WORK TO DO.
DATING IS LIKE REAL ESTATE. THE LONGER YOU'RE ON THE MARKET, THE MORE PEOPLE ARE GOING TO WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU...
AND YOU WERE A FIXER-UPPER TO BEGIN WITH!
(AT LEAST, THAT IS WHAT HE TELLS HIMSELF.)
SORRY I'M LATE, BOSS.
...ARE YOU?
DIDN'T NOTICE.
RIGHT.
SO HE WAITS.

--THE FIRST MURDER IN ALMOST FORTY YEARS, THE BRUTALITY NOT ONLY SHOOK THE SMALL TOWN OF BAYVIEW, TEXAS, TO ITS VERY CORE, BUT IT SOON ENOUGH--
OPEN
MAY I HAVE SOME COFFEE, DEAR?
SURE THING!
--THE CRIME SCENE WAS COMPROMISED WITHIN HOURS--
WHATCHA READIN'?
THE BIBLE.
OH. EH, SORRY.
SORRY? WHY? THEY ARE JUST WORDS.
NOT A GOD-FEARING WOMAN, THEN?
--OF FAMILIAL DNA.
OH, IT'S A PODCAST. TRUE-CRIME THING. CAN YOU HEAR IT? I'M SO, SO SORRY ABOUT THAT...
I'LL TURN IT OFF.
NO, NO...IT'S... INTERESTING.
SMELLS LIKE DADDY ISSUES TO ME.
TELL ME, SARAH, WHAT ARE YOU LISTENING TO?
--PAINSTAKINGLY TRACED THE FAMILY TREE BACK THROUGH GENERATIONS, LOOKING FOR COMMON ANCESTORS.
NOT EXACTLY...
I ALWAYS FOUND THAT TO BE A CURIOUS EXPRESSION.
GOD-FEARING.
WHY FEAR YOUR ABSENT, INDIFFERENT GOD?


WHY DO YOU LIKE TO LISTEN TO IT?
AH, I DON'T KNOW.
FASCINATING, I SUPPOSE. MAKES ME FEEL PREPARED. SOMETHING ABOUT KNOWING WHAT TRULY GOES ON OUT THERE...
AND IT'S THE MYSTERY OF IT, YOU KNOW?
THE MYSTERY. YES, THE MYSTERY IS KEY, IS IT NOT?
THANK YOU, SARAH.
HE FEELS THE WEIGHT OF GODLINESS ON HIS SHOULDERS.
BUT HE FINDS HE IS EQUAL TO IT.
OPEN
AS THE HOURS PASS--
--A PLAN FORMS.
A DOCTRINE.
IT FEELS--
--RIGHT.
THIS WORLD--
--THIS WORLD FEELS READY FOR CARNAGE.
KJV


TWO WEEKS LATER.
FLASH IS STILL WAITING.
PART OF HIM WISHES THAT WHATEVER IS MAKING HIS SYMBIOTE-SENSES TINGLE WOULD HURRY UP AND GET HERE.
THE SUSPECT IS ON FOOT--
--LAST SEEN NEAR 5TH AND 27TH--
HE THINKS THAT IT COULD POSSIBLY BE NOT AS BAD AS HE IMAGINES.
LET'S GO.
(HE IS WRONG.)
SO THEY KEEP BUSY. AND WAIT.

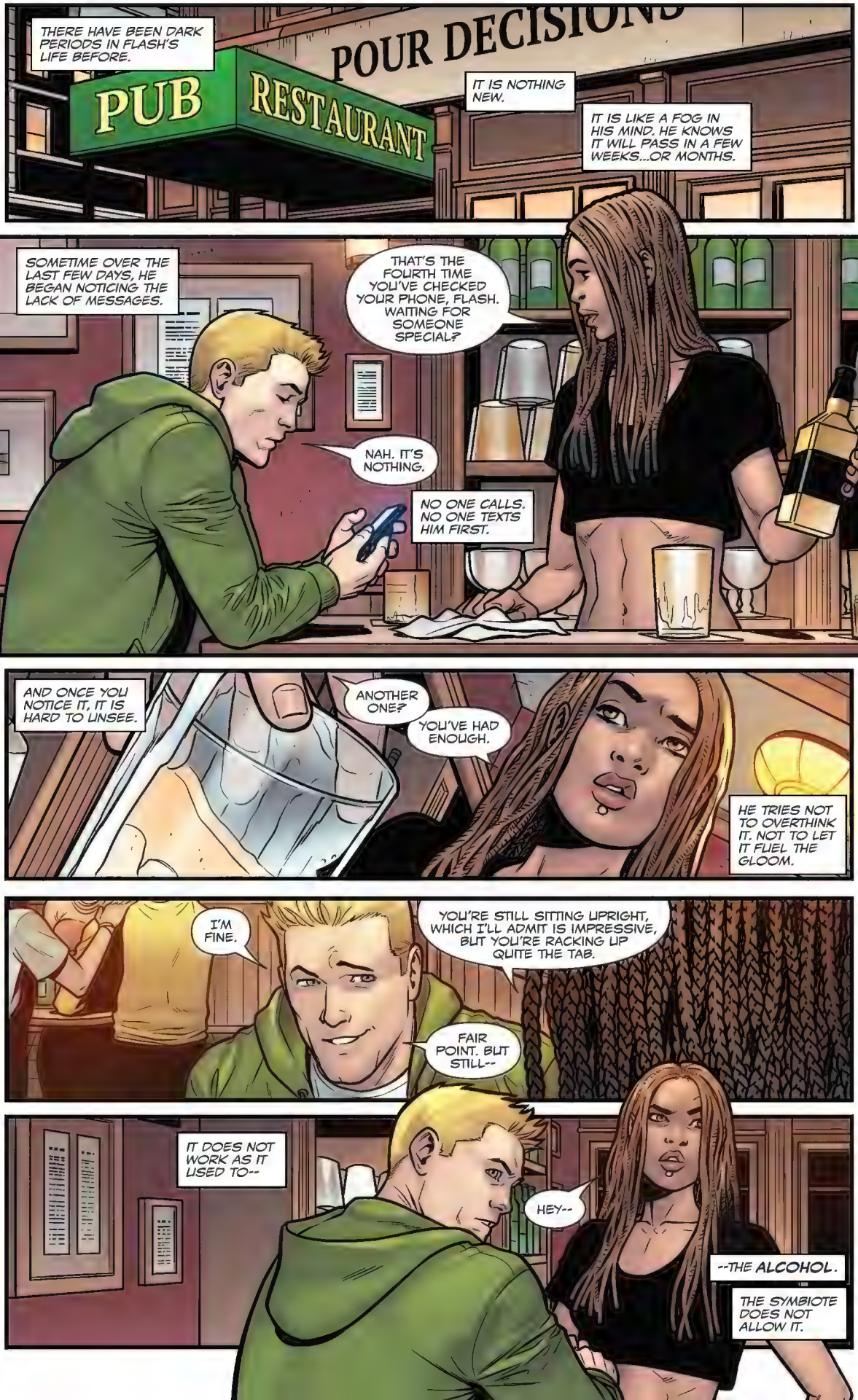
JOHN NEVER LEFT THE WAR.
IF YOU WERE TO ASK HIM ABOUT HIS FRIENDS--
--HE'D LIST THE NAMES OF DEAD MEN.
HE IS A COWARD.
COULDN'T END IT ALL.
BUT DIDN'T HAVE IT IN HIM TO MOVE ON EITHER.
HELLO, JOHN.
GET THE @%&$ OUT OF MY HOUSE!

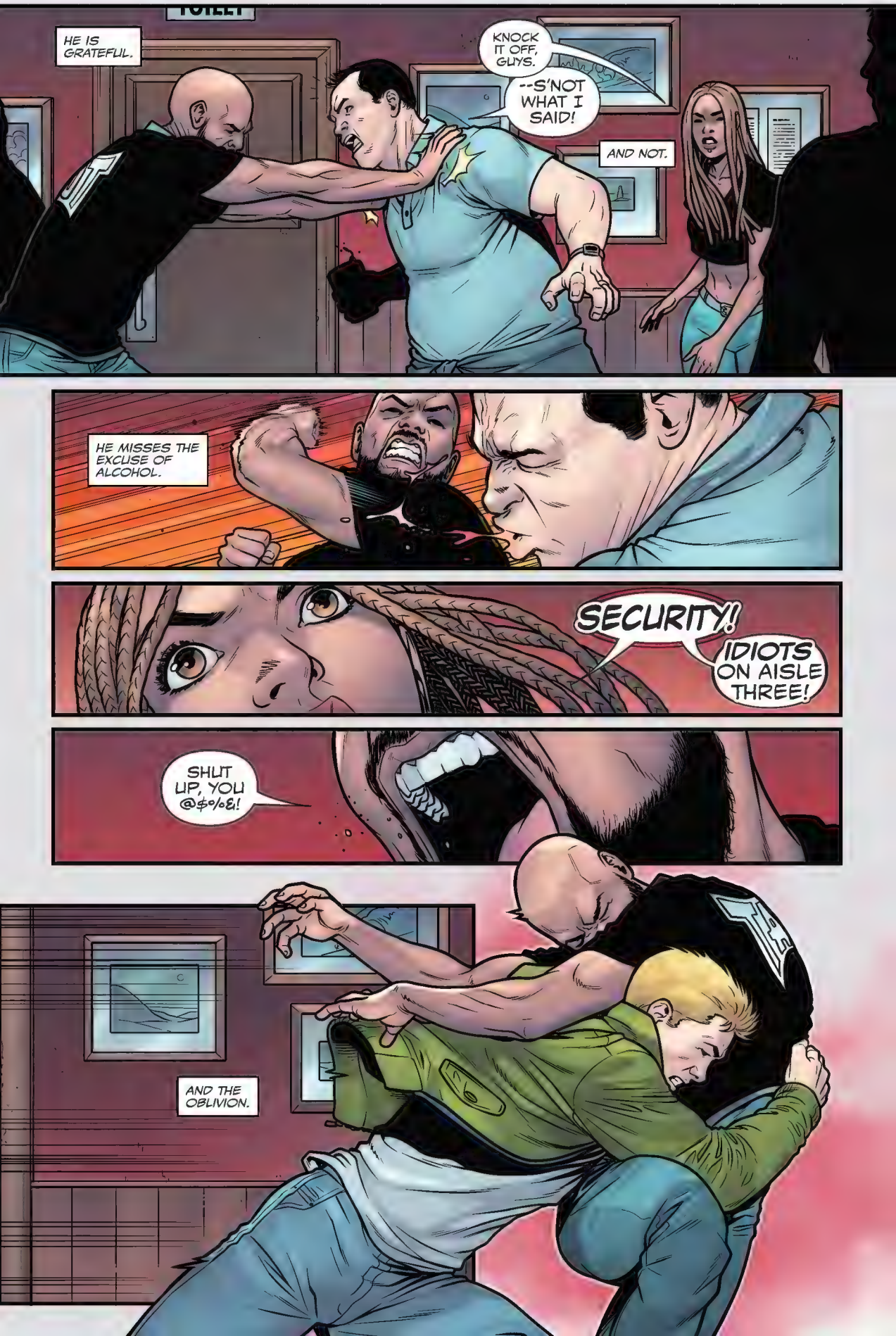
KILLING IS NO LONGER A PHYSICAL CHALLENGE.
BUT IT STILL MAKES ME FEEL LIKE GOD ON THE FIRST MONDAY MORNING.
THERE IS RELIEF IN JOHN'S EYES AS HE DIES.
MAYBE I AM A MERCIFUL GOD AFTER ALL.
AND SO IT BEGINS.

THOMAS FIGHTS.
MATTHEW CRIES.
NO...! PLEASE, GODS, NO!
THEY DIE, ONE BY ONE.
THEY ALL DIE ALONE.
(AND NO ONE CARES.)

WHEN PHILIP WAS 19, HE TOOK HIS FATHER'S AR-15 TO THE LOCAL GAS STATION.
KILLED FOUR PEOPLE, INCLUDING HIS EX-GIRLFRIEND, AND INJURED NINE.
HE INTENDED TO DIE IN THE PROCESS.
HE WAS GOING TO SACRIFICE HIS LIFE TO PROVE THAT IT MATTERED--
IS...IS SOMEONE THERE?
--ONLY TO FIND THAT IT DIDN'T.
HELLO, PHILIP.
HAVE YOU FOUND GOD IN HERE?
...TRYING TO.
THERE WERE THREE OTHER MASS SHOOTINGS THAT DAY.
THEN LET US PRAY.
HE DID NOT EVEN MAKE NATIONAL NEWS.

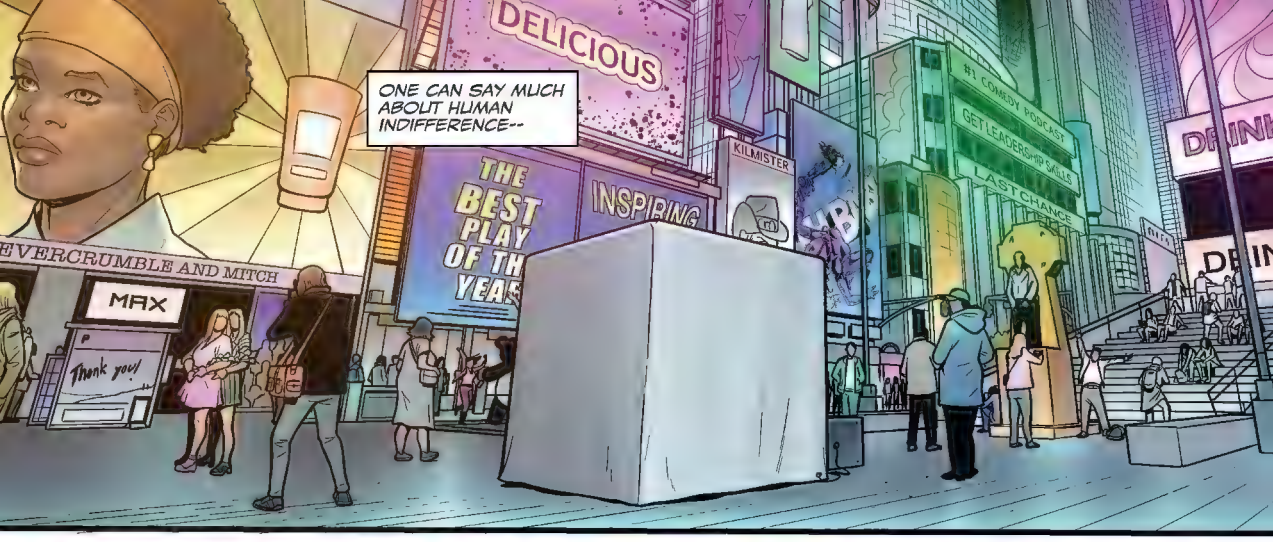
HAVE I GONE MAD?
ARE YOU REAL? HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?
"...IN HIM, WE HAVE REDEMPTION THROUGH HIS BLOOD...
"...THE FORGIVENESS OF OUR TRESPASSES, ACCORDING TO THE RICHES OF HIS GRACE."
AMEN.
A-A-AMEN.
HE WILL NOW.
(JUST NOT YET.)


THERE HAVE BEEN DARK PERIODS IN FLASH'S LIFE BEFORE.
PUB
RESTAURANT
POUR DECISIONS
IT IS NOTHING NEW.
IT IS LIKE A FOG IN HIS MIND. HE KNOWS IT WILL PASS IN A FEW WEEKS...OR MONTHS.
SOMETIME OVER THE LAST FEW DAYS, HE BEGAN NOTICING THE LACK OF MESSAGES.
THAT'S THE FOURTH TIME YOU'VE CHECKED YOUR PHONE, FLASH. WAITING FOR SOMEONE SPECIAL?
NAH. IT'S NOTHING.
NO ONE CALLS. NO ONE TEXTS HIM FIRST.
AND ONCE YOU NOTICE IT, IT IS HARD TO UNSEE.
ANOTHER ONE?
YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH.
HE TRIES NOT TO OVERTHINK IT. NOT TO LET IT FUEL THE GLOOM.
I'M FINE.
YOU'RE STILL SITTING UPRIGHT, WHICH I'LL ADMIT IS IMPRESSIVE, BUT YOU'RE RACKING UP QUITE THE TAB.
FAIR POINT. BUT STILL--
IT DOES NOT WORK AS IT USED TO--
HEY--
--THE ALCOHOL.
THE SYMBIOTE DOES NOT ALLOW IT.


HE IS GRATEFUL.
KNOCK IT OFF, GUYS.
--S'NOT WHAT I SAID!
AND NOT.
HE MISSES THE EXCUSE OF ALCOHOL.
SECURITY!
IDIOTS ON AISLE THREE!
SHUT UP, YOU @$%&!
AND THE OBLIVION.

NATHANAEL JONES WOULD USUALLY PRESENT A CHALLENGE--
--BUT MY OTHER HAS BEEN BUSY.
IT WOULD TAKE MORE THAN STEEL AND ARMED MEN TO KEEP ME OUT THESE DAYS.
HELLO, NATHANAEL.
WHAT... WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
DON'T YOU KNOW ME?
"DO NOT FEAR, FOR I AM WITH YOU."
WHAT THE...?
YOU KNOW--
--WE ALL THINK WE'RE SPECIAL.
IT IS A...STAPLE OF WESTERN SOCIETY.
ONLY WAY TO BEAR IT, RIGHT? THINKING YOU'RE SPECIAL. THINKING YOU MIGHT MAKE IT...
BUT YOU--
--YOU ARE SPECIAL.
NOT BECAUSE YOU ARE.
IF ANYTHING... ALL THAT WEALTH AND FAME...AND THIS...THIS IS THE BEST YOU CAN DO?
YOU ARE NOTHING BUT A MISSED OPPORTUNITY IN A TWELVE-THOUSAND-DOLLAR SUIT.
NO...
YOU ARE SPECIAL BECAUSE THE WORLD BELIEVES YOU ARE.
HHRRKKKK--
AND SOMETIMES, BELIEF IS ALL THAT MATTERS.

STOP IT, FLASH!
FOR @#&%& SAKE!
BUT I WAS...
I WAS JUST TRYING TO--
THAT'S NOT YOUR JOB.
SECURITY
IT'S NOT YOUR @#&%& JOB, FLASH.
IT'S ASSAULT.
BETTER HOPE HE IS TOO @%&#%$#@& TO PRESS CHARGES.
I'M SORRY, ARIA... I WANTED TO HELP.
I KNOW... BUT JUST... GO HOME.


ONE CAN SAY MUCH ABOUT HUMAN INDIFFERENCE--
DELICIOUS
THE BEST PLAY OF TH YEAR
INSPIRING
KILMISTER
#1 COMEDY PODCAST
GET LEADERSHIP SKILLS
LAST CHANCE
EVERCRUMBLE AND MITCH
MAX
Thank you!

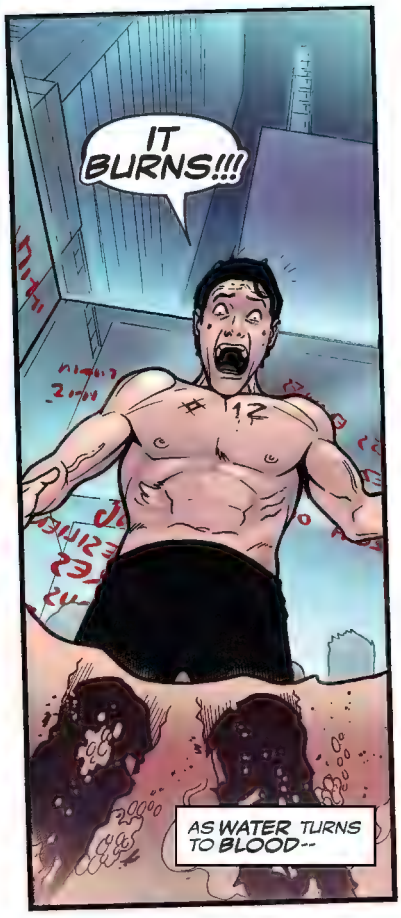
--BUT WHEN PRESENTED WITH SOMETHING THEY DO NOT UNDERSTAND, THEY RARELY THINK THE WORST.
IT'S NATHANAEL JONES!
NATHANAEL!!!
SOCCER STUFF
THEY DO NOT SEE THE HORROR IN FRONT OF THEM FOR WHAT IT IS.

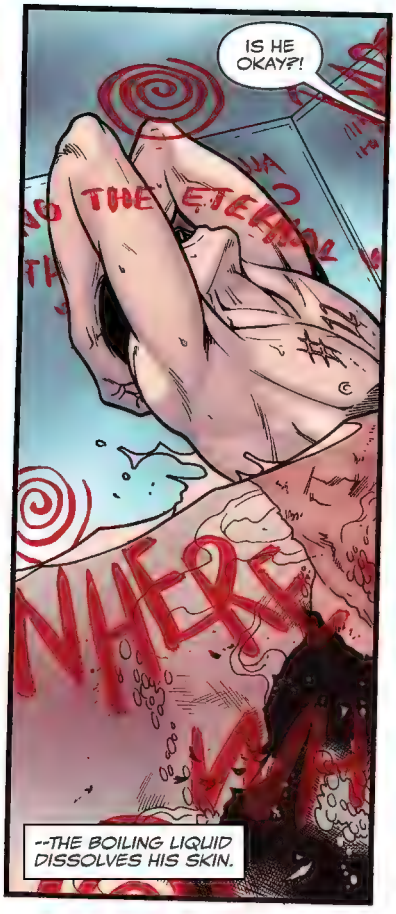
THEY WONDER WHAT HE IS SELLING TODAY.
5G
5G
G
GONZALEZ HOTELS
ALL ASPIRATIONS CRUMBLE, DREAMS SHATTER, LEAVING

WHAT PUBLICITY STUNT THE TECH BILLIONAIRE IS UP TO THIS TIME.
BAR
WHERE IS PETER?
WHERE IS JOH

IT IS A PAINFUL DEATH.

AARRGHHH!
HHEELP!!!
IN PROGRESS BEFORE ANYONE UNDERSTANDS WHAT THEY ARE LOOKING AT.


IT BURNS!!!
AS WATER TURNS TO BLOOD--


IS HE OKAY?!
--THE BOILING LIQUID DISSOLVES HIS SKIN.

HE'S GONNA DROWN...
SOMEONE HELP HIM!
THEY DO NOT UNDERSTAND THAT THEY ARE WATCHING WORSHIP.

STREAMED AND DOCUMENTED--
--SCRIPTURE IN THE MAKING--

--FOR THE WHOLE WORLD TO SEE.
FLASH FEELS IT HAPPENING.
LIKE A PUNCH IN THE GUT.
IT IS HERE. HE IS HERE.
HE UNDERSTANDS.
--SO EFFED UP! IT'S NATHANAEL EFFING JONES! HE IS BEING BOILED--
FLASH KNOWS WHAT HE IS LOOKING AT.
IT IS AN ANNOUNCEMENT.
AN INVITATION.
IT IS CARNAGE.

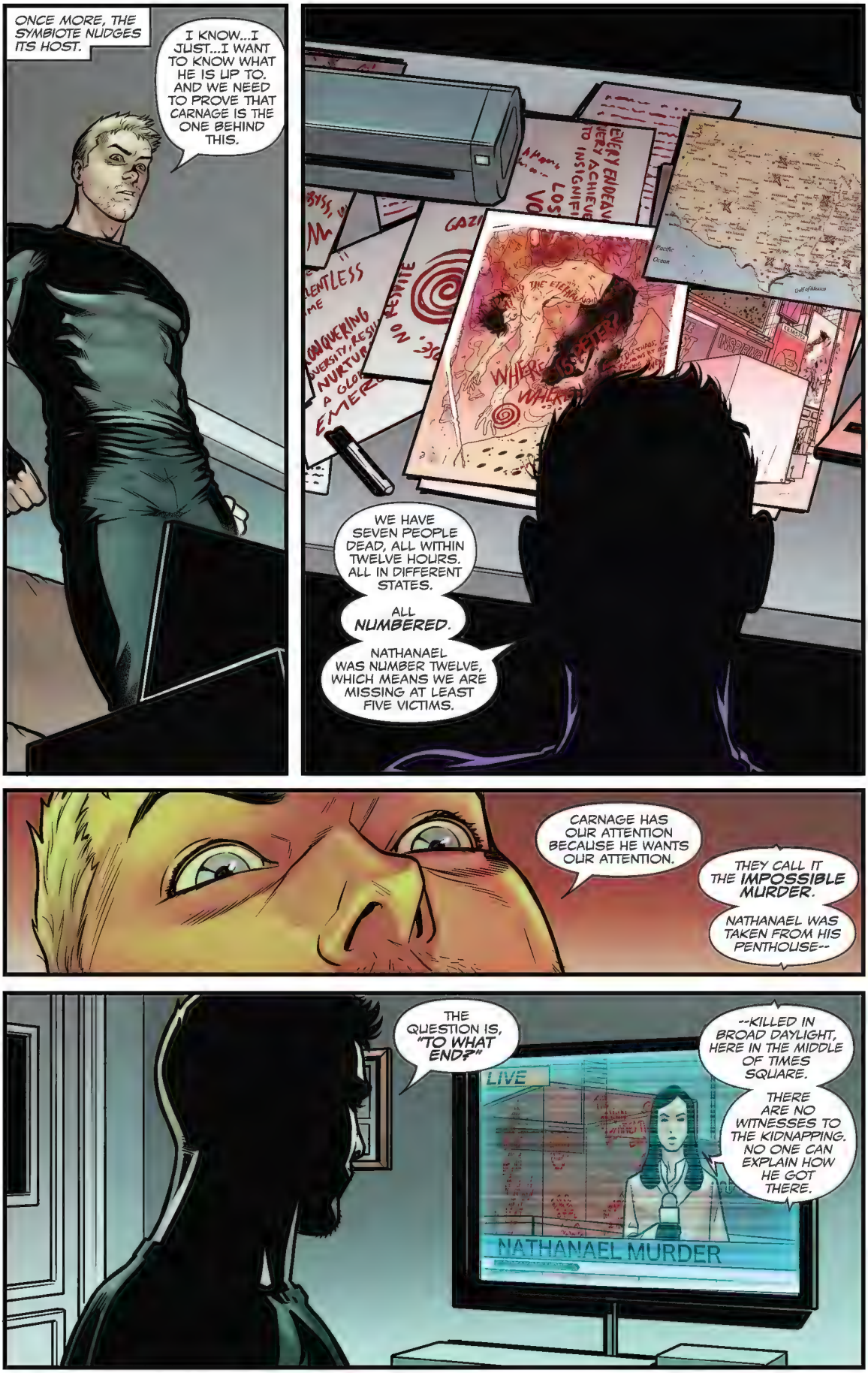
IT IS CLETUS KASADY WELCOMING US--
--TO CHURCH.

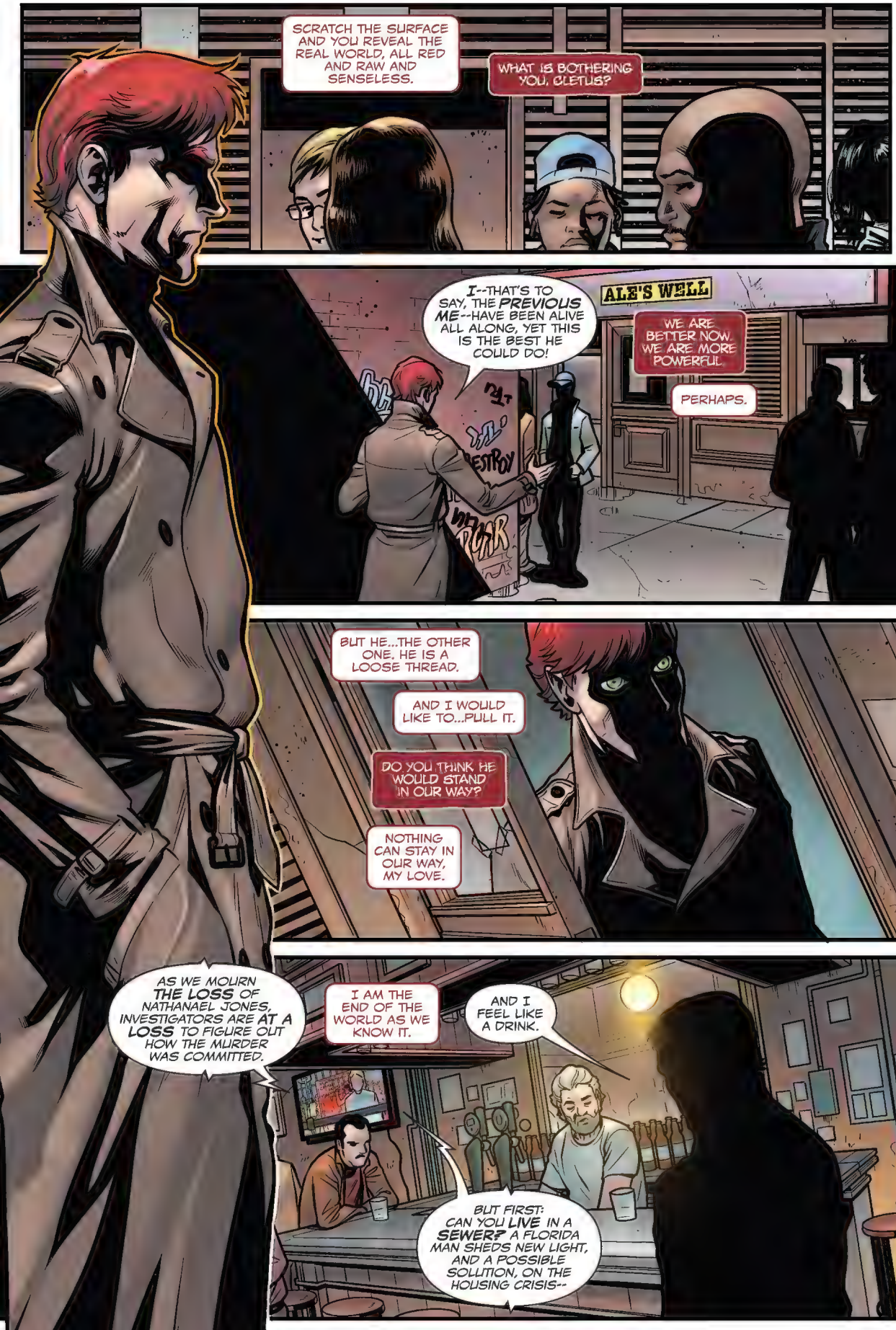
2

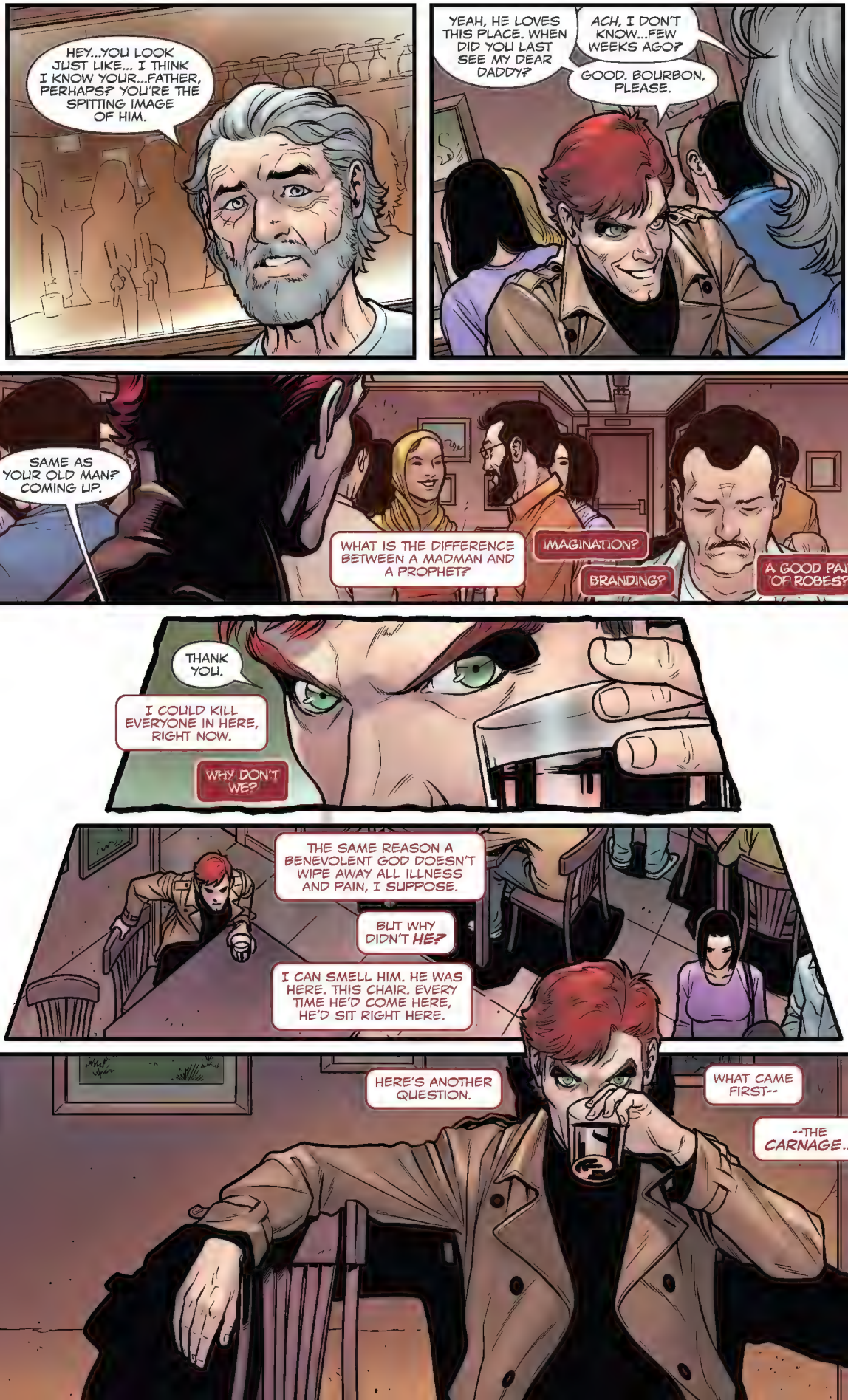
SOMEWHERE IN AMERICA.
EVERY SERIAL KILLER BELIEVES THEY ARE GOD.
MAYBE NOT THE GOD--
--BUT WHEN YOU CLAIM SOMEONE'S LIFE--
--WHEN FEAR CONSUMES THEM--
--WHEN THEY KNOW THAT EVERYTHING THAT STANDS BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH IS YOUR WILL--
NO--! PLEASE!
--YOU ARE THEIR GOD.

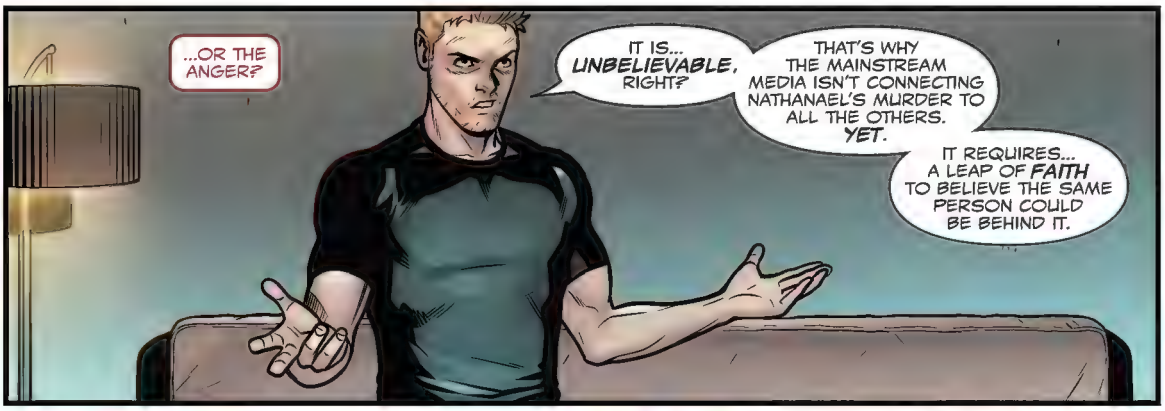
WH-WHY ME?
THAT IS THE QUESTION. WHO ARE YOU?
MARK...J-JOHNSON. I'M THE...SENIOR SALES EVANGELIST.
IS THAT SO? IS THAT WHO YOU ARE? WELL, MARK, SENIOR SALES...
...EVANGELIST.
LONG AGO, WE PICKED OUR FIRST VICTIM AT RANDOM FROM THE PHONE BOOK.
I STILL REMEMBER HIS NAME.
GUNTHER STEIN.
DO YOU THINK THAT HOLDS SOME... VALUE?
THAT I REMEMBER HIS NAME?
NO?
NEITHER DO I

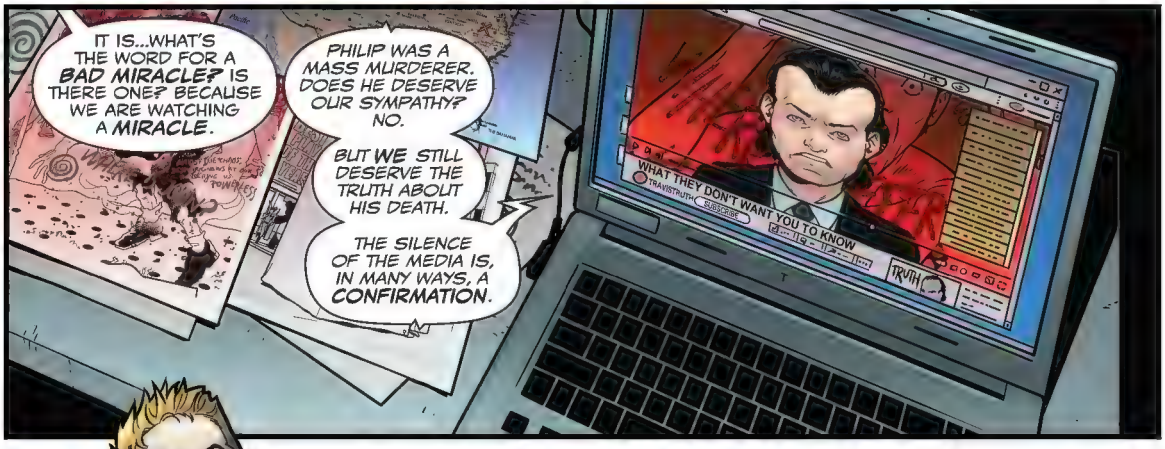
FLASH THOMPSON'S APARTMENT.
EAGER TO ACT, THE SYMBIOTE SQUIRMS IMPATIENTLY INSIDE FLASH THOMPSON.
YET THE MAN SEEMS UNABLE TO PULL AWAY FROM THE NOISE OF THE WORLD.
SEVEN DEAD. SEVEN.
...WHY IS THIS NOT COVERED BY THE MAINSTREAM MEDIA?
THEY TALK ABOUT NATHANAEL JONES. THE BILLIONAIRE. THE PLAYBOY.
BUT NO ONE IS TALKING ABOUT THE OTHER VICTIMS. NO ONE IS TALKING ABOUT SIMON ANDERSON. MATTHEW VINCREST...
SWIPE
...WHICH BEGS THE QUESTION--! IF ALL THE OTHERS HAD TAKEN LIVES, IN SOME FORM OR ANOTHER--
--WAS NATHANAEL JONES A MURDERER? AND IF SO--HOW DID HE KILL?
SWIPE
THEY'RE DISCIPLES. NATHANAEL, MATTHEW, PHILIP, SIMON...
THEY'RE THE DISCIPLES!
SWIPE
C LEFT QUESTIONS AT THE CRIME SCENE.
"WHERE IS PETER? WHERE IS JOHN?"
IS IT UP TO US TO FIND HIM? I THINK IT IS.
C? THAT'S WHAT THEY'VE DECIDED TO CALL HIM.
CARNAGE SPEAKS, AND THE WORLD LISTENS.


ONCE MORE, THE SYMBIOTE NUDGES ITS HOST.
I KNOW...I JUST...I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HE IS UP TO. AND WE NEED TO PROVE THAT CARNAGE IS THE ONE BEHIND THIS.
WE HAVE SEVEN PEOPLE DEAD, ALL WITHIN TWELVE HOURS. ALL IN DIFFERENT STATES.
ALL NUMBERED.
NATHANAEL WAS NUMBER TWELVE, WHICH MEANS WE ARE MISSING AT LEAST FIVE VICTIMS.
CARNAGE HAS OUR ATTENTION BECAUSE HE WANTS OUR ATTENTION.
THEY CALL IT THE IMPOSSIBLE MURDER.
NATHANAEL WAS TAKEN FROM HIS PENTHOUSE--
THE QUESTION IS, "TO WHAT END?"
LIVE
--KILLED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT, HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF TIMES SQUARE.
THERE ARE NO WITNESSES TO THE KIDNAPPING. NO ONE CAN EXPLAIN HOW HE GOT THERE.
NATHANAEL MURDER


SCRATCH THE SURFACE AND YOU REVEAL THE REAL WORLD, ALL RED AND RAW AND SENSELESS.
WHAT IS BOTHERING YOU, CLETUS?
I--THAT'S TO SAY, THE PREVIOUS ME--HAVE BEEN ALIVE ALL ALONG, YET THIS IS THE BEST HE COULD DO!
ALE'S WELL
WE ARE BETTER NOW. WE ARE MORE POWERFUL.
PERHAPS.
BUT HE...THE OTHER ONE. HE IS A LOOSE THREAD.
AND I WOULD LIKE TO...PULL IT.
DO YOU THINK HE WOULD STAND IN OUR WAY?
NOTHING CAN STAY IN OUR WAY, MY LOVE.
AS WE MOURN THE LOSS OF NATHANAEL JONES, INVESTIGATORS ARE AT A LOSS TO FIGURE OUT HOW THE MURDER WAS COMMITTED.
I AM THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT.
AND I FEEL LIKE A DRINK.
BUT FIRST: CAN YOU LIVE IN A SEWER? A FLORIDA MAN SHEDS NEW LIGHT, AND A POSSIBLE SOLUTION, ON THE HOUSING CRISIS--

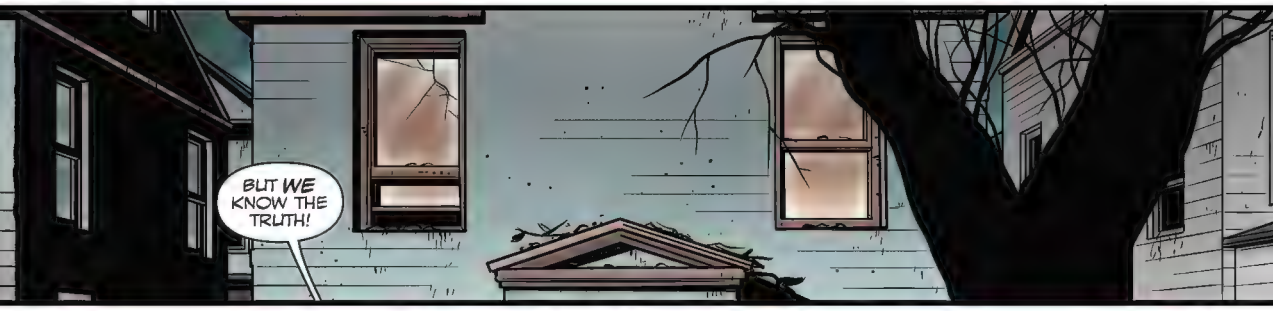

HEY...YOU LOOK JUST LIKE... I THINK I KNOW YOUR...FATHER, PERHAPS? YOU'RE THE SPITTING IMAGE OF HIM.
YEAH, HE LOVES THIS PLACE. WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE MY DEAR DADDY?
ACH, I DON'T KNOW...FEW WEEKS AGO?
GOOD. BOURBON, PLEASE.
SAME AS YOUR OLD MAN? COMING UP.
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MADMAN AND A PROPHET?
IMAGINATION?
BRANDING?
A GOOD PAIR OF ROBES?
THANK YOU.
I COULD KILL EVERYONE IN HERE, RIGHT NOW.
WHY DON'T WE?
THE SAME REASON A BENEVOLENT GOD DOESN'T WIPE AWAY ALL ILLNESS AND PAIN, I SUPPOSE.
BUT WHY DIDN'T HE?
I CAN SMELL HIM. HE WAS HERE. THIS CHAIR. EVERY TIME HE'D COME HERE, HE'D SIT RIGHT HERE.
HERE'S ANOTHER QUESTION.
WHAT CAME FIRST--
--THE CARNAGE...


...OR THE ANGER?
IT IS... UNBELIEVABLE, RIGHT?
THAT'S WHY THE MAINSTREAM MEDIA ISN'T CONNECTING NATHANAEL'S MURDER TO ALL THE OTHERS. YET.
IT REQUIRES... A LEAP OF FAITH TO BELIEVE THE SAME PERSON COULD BE BEHIND IT.

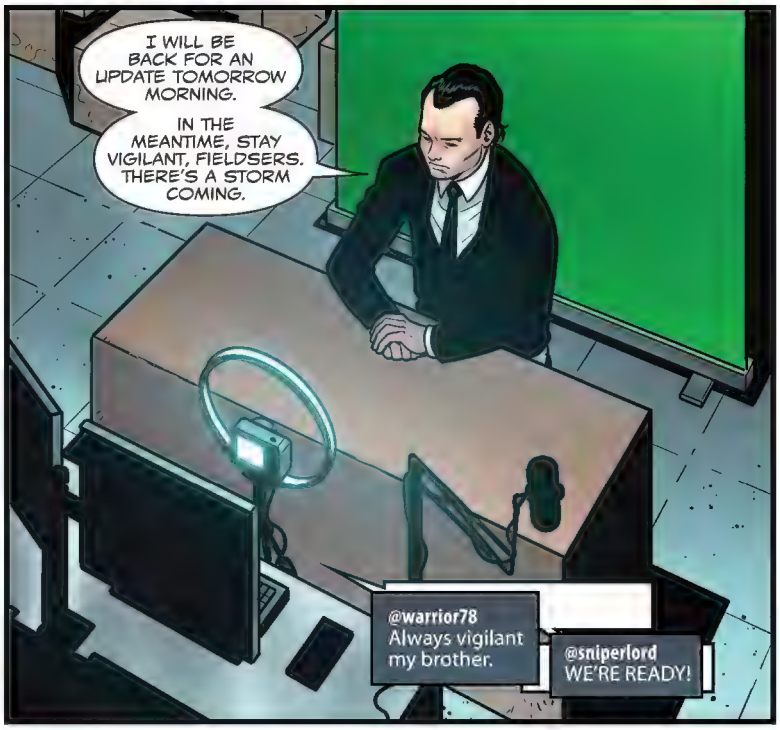

IT IS...WHAT'S THE WORD FOR A BAD MIRACLE? IS THERE ONE? BECAUSE WE ARE WATCHING A MIRACLE.
PHILIP WAS A MASS MURDERER. DOES HE DESERVE OUR SYMPATHY? NO.
BUT WE STILL DESERVE THE TRUTH ABOUT HIS DEATH.
THE SILENCE OF THE MEDIA IS, IN MANY WAYS, A CONFIRMATION.
WHAT THEY DON'T WANT YOU TO KNOW
TRUTH

DO YOU KNOW HOW TO BREAK THE WORLD?
YOU TAKE THESE PEOPLE--
--THESE PEOPLE WHO SEE CONSPIRACY AND EVIL IN EVERYTHING--
--WHO SPREAD DISTRUST AND PREACH DIVISIVENESS--
THEY ARE TRYING TO DISTRACT US.
AND THEY LIE AND LIE AND RIDICULE US AND LIE SOME MORE.
BUT WE KNOW THE TRUTH!

--AND YOU MAKE THEM RIGHT.


BUT WE KNOW THE TRUTH!

THIS HAS BEEN TRAVIS BROOKFIELDS FOR THE FIELDS REPORT.


I WILL BE BACK FOR AN UPDATE TOMORROW MORNING.
IN THE MEANTIME, STAY VIGILANT, FIELDSERS. THERE'S A STORM COMING.
@warrior78
Always vigilant my brother.
@sniperlord
WE'RE READY!

@user_6361726e616765
Keep speaking your truth, Travis!
@crypto_bro_45
Pewcoin TO THE MOOOOOOON!

@alt_grl_44
I love u Travis!
TRAVIS! FOR THE LOVE OF o%&#@&!

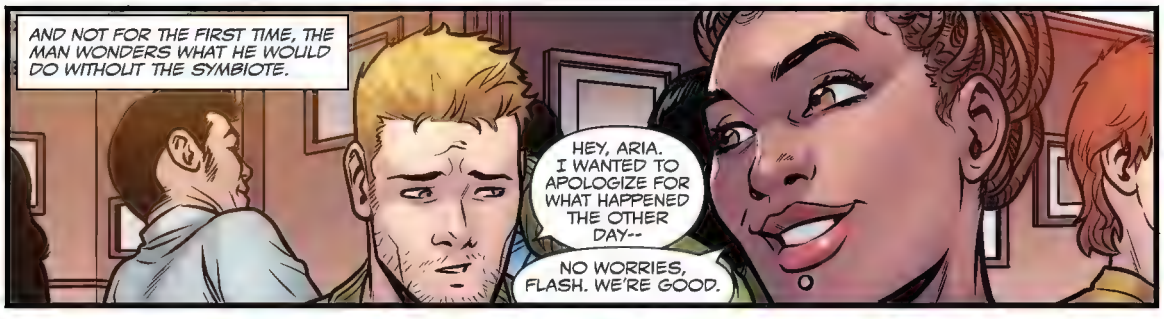
HAVE YOU SEEN THE DAMN TIME?!
I SWEAR, IF YOU LOSE THIS JOB, YOU'RE OUT OF HERE.
I'M GOING NOW, MOM.

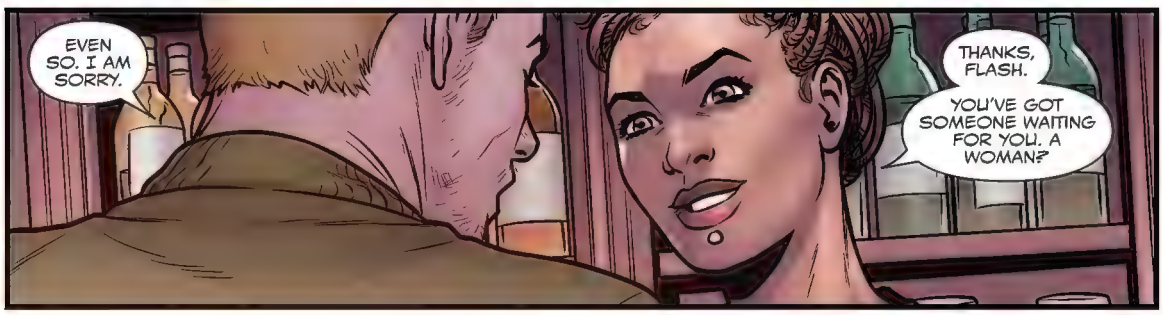
IT FEELS LIKE A PAST LIFE.
(IN SOME WAYS, IT IS.)
AND FLASH THOMPSON WONDERS WHY THE VICTORIES OF THAT TIME FEEL SO FAR AWAY--

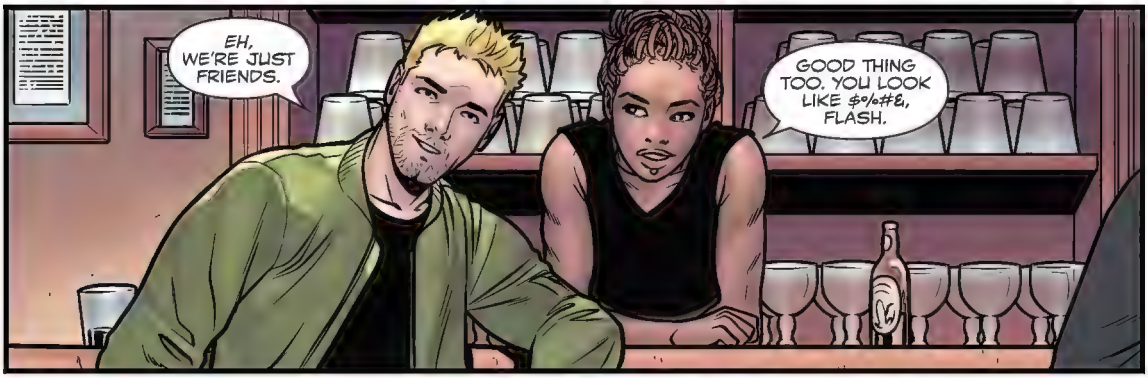
--WHEN THE LOSSES STILL FEEL SO URGENT AND OVERWHELMING.

THE SYMBIOTE FEELS HIS GLOOM.

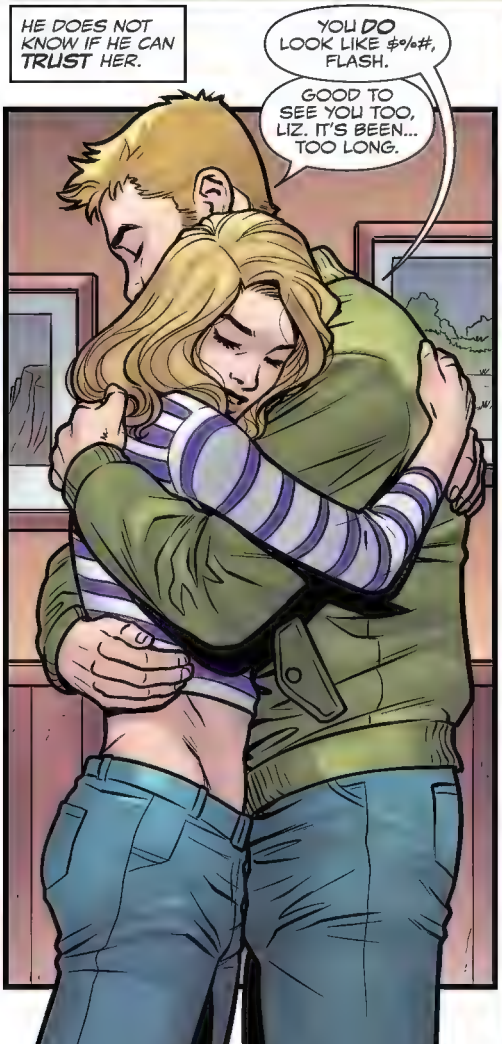
POUR DECISIONS
PUB
RESTAURANT
ANTI-VENOM TIGHTENS SOME INVISIBLE GRIP ON HIM, LIKE A HUG FROM WITHIN.


AND NOT FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE MAN WONDERS WHAT HE WOULD DO WITHOUT THE SYMBIOTE.
HEY, ARIA. I WANTED TO APOLOGIZE FOR WHAT HAPPENED THE OTHER DAY--
NO WORRIES, FLASH. WE'RE GOOD.


EVEN SO. I AM SORRY.
THANKS, FLASH.
YOU'VE GOT SOMEONE WAITING FOR YOU. A WOMAN?

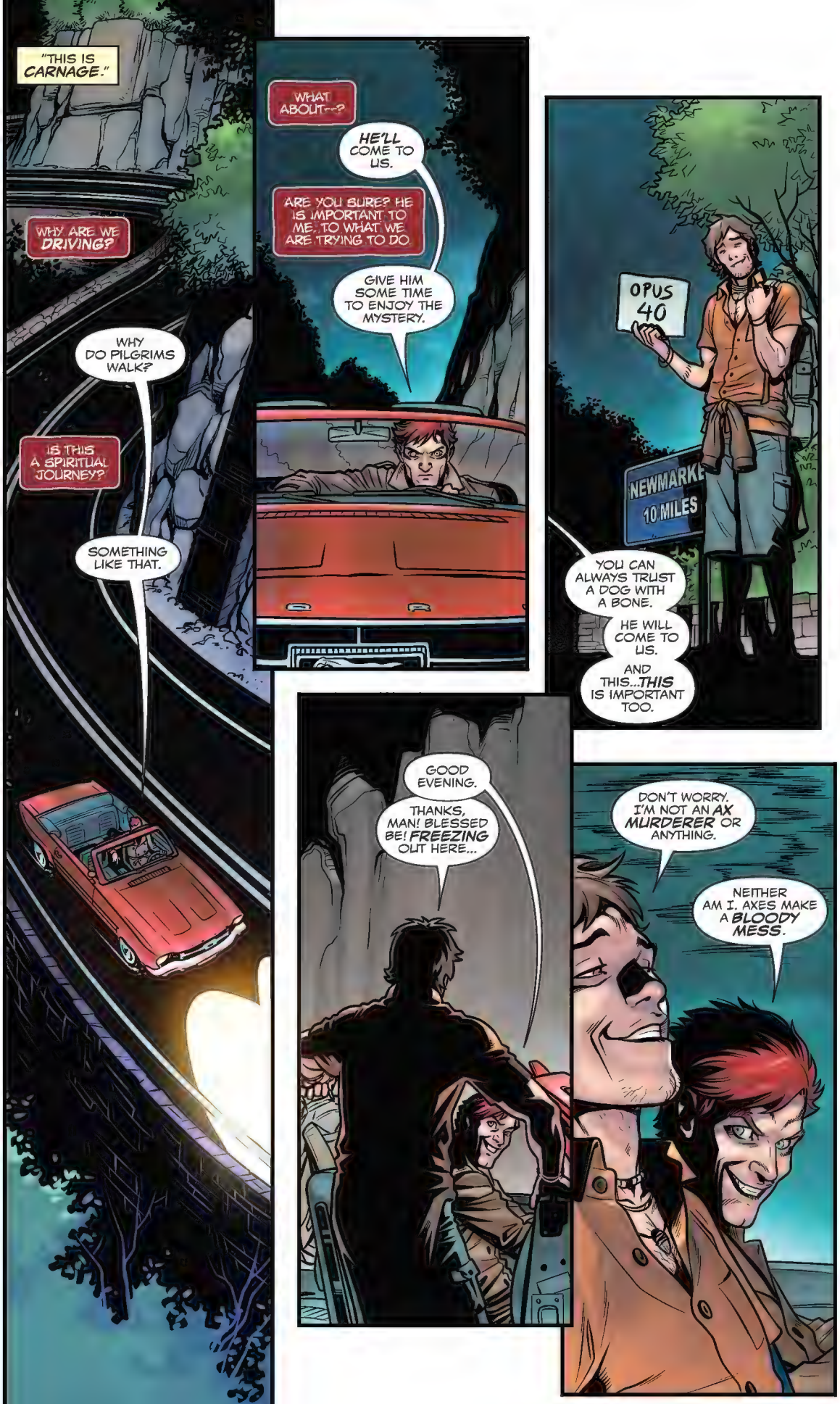

EH, WE'RE JUST FRIENDS.
GOOD THING TOO. YOU LOOK LIKE $%#&, FLASH.

GREAT PEP TALK! THANKS, ARIA.
THERE YOU ARE.
ELIZABETH ALLAN. OLD FRIEND. C.E.O. OF ALCHEMAX.

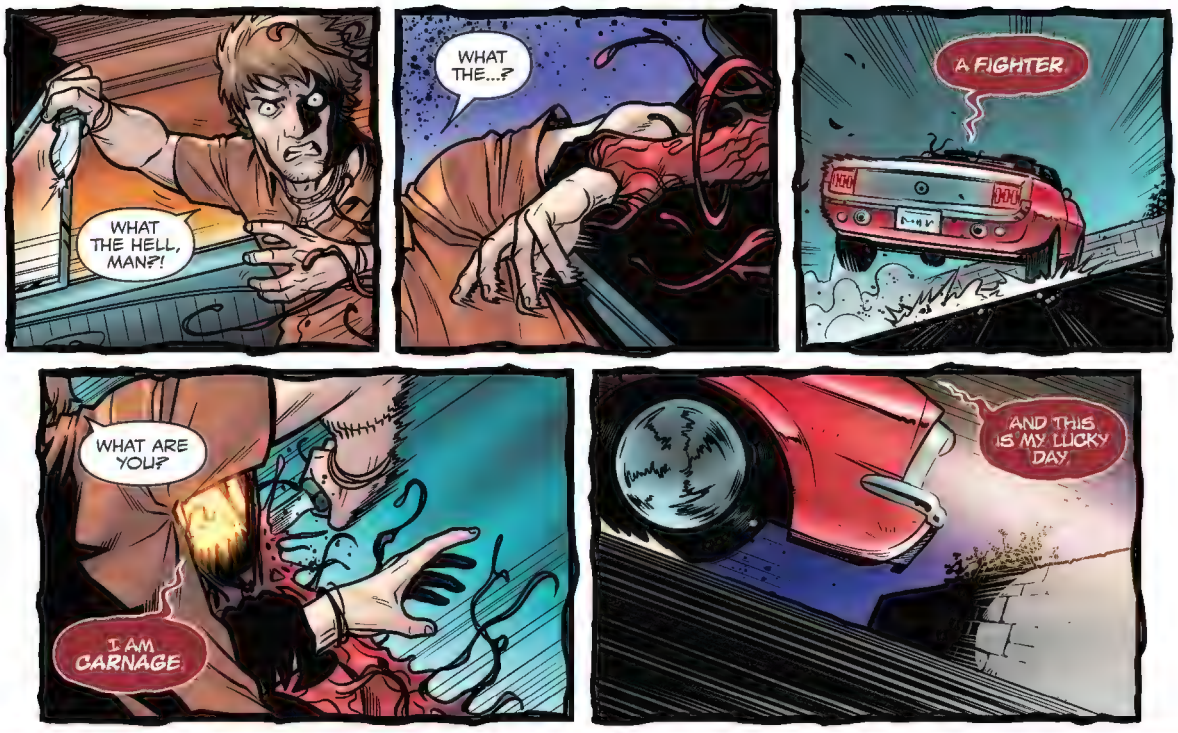

HE DOES NOT KNOW IF HE CAN TRUST HER.
YOU DO LOOK LIKE $%#, FLASH.
GOOD TO SEE YOU TOO, LIZ. IT'S BEEN... TOO LONG.

(HE DOES NOT KNOW IF HE CAN TRUST ANYONE.)
...SO?
YOU'RE RIGHT. I CAN FEEL IT TOO.

BUT HE KNOWS SHE WILL UNDERSTAND. SHE WILL LISTEN.
BUT CLETUS KASADY IS DEAD. IRON MAN...MELTED HIM, AS FAR AS I UNDERSTAND.
I SUPPOSE THE SYMBIOTE COULD HAVE SURVIVED, BUT...
THIS IS CLETUS KASADY, LIZ.


"THIS IS CARNAGE."
WHY ARE WE DRIVING?
WHY DO PILGRIMS WALK?
IS THIS A SPIRITUAL JOURNEY?
SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
WHAT ABOUT--?
HE'LL COME TO US.
ARE YOU SURE? HE IS IMPORTANT TO ME. TO WHAT WE ARE TRYING TO DO.
GIVE HIM SOME TIME TO ENJOY THE MYSTERY.
OPUS 40
NEWMARKE
10 MILES
YOU CAN ALWAYS TRUST A DOG WITH A BONE.
HE WILL COME TO US.
AND THIS...THIS IS IMPORTANT TOO.
GOOD EVENING.
THANKS, MAN! BLESSED BE! FREEZING OUT HERE...
DON'T WORRY. I'M NOT AN AX MURDERER OR ANYTHING.
NEITHER AM I. AXES MAKE A BLOODY MESS.

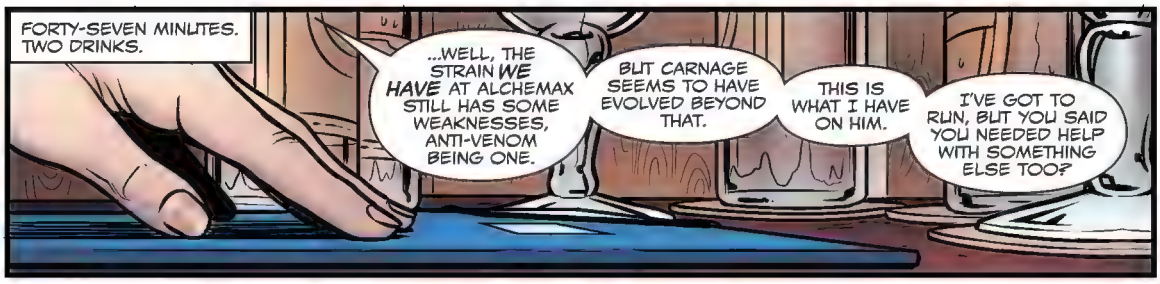
TEN MINUTES LATER.
--AND IT'S ALL DONE BY HAND. THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS, HE WORKED ON THIS STONE MONUMENT. SOME SAY HE WAS CRAZY, BUT--
CLETUS.
TELL ME, IN YOUR OPINION, WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MADMAN AND A PROPHET?
GREAT QUESTION, MY MAN.
I THINK, LIKE... A PROPHET SPEAKS, LIKE, DIVINE TRUTH, LIKE THEIR SOUL IS TOUCHED BY THE DIVINE...
AND IF YOU SPEAK YOUR TRUTH, FROM THE HEART, YOU'RE, LIKE, A PROPHET FOR THE UNIVERSE, YOU KNOW? AND THAT CAN NEVER BE MADNESS.
CLETUS.
SOMETIMES I THINK, LIKE, IF I WROTE A BOOK LIKE--
CLETUS.
--THE BOOK OF MARK--
--WHERE I'D TELL MY TRUTH, LIKE, MY EXPERIENCES... I WOULD LIVE FOREVER, YOU KNOW?
WAIT, YOUR NAME IS MARK?
WELL, I'LL BE...
I HAVE BEEN THINKING ABOUT PATTERNS LATELY, MARK.
HUMANS LOVE THEIR PATTERNS. THEIR SIGNS.
IF THERE IS A PATTERN, YOU CAN FOLLOW IT, PREDICT IT...FIND OUT WHAT IT MEANS.
AND, OH, HOW THEY LOVE TO FIND MEANING.
OF COURSE, I KNOW THAT THERE IS NO MEANING.
SIGNS ARE CONFIRMATION BIAS AND DELUSION. A SAFETY BLANKET FOR THE WEAK OF MIND.
THE UNIVERSE IS NOTHING BUT CHAOS. A BEAUTIFUL, TERRIFYING ANARCHY OF CHAOS.
BUT WHEN YOU, MARK, PROPHET OF @#$%&@#$%, HARBINGER OF FOOLS, GOT INTO MY CAR TODAY?
THAT FEELS LIKE A %&#$&@ SIGN TO ME!
FINALLY.

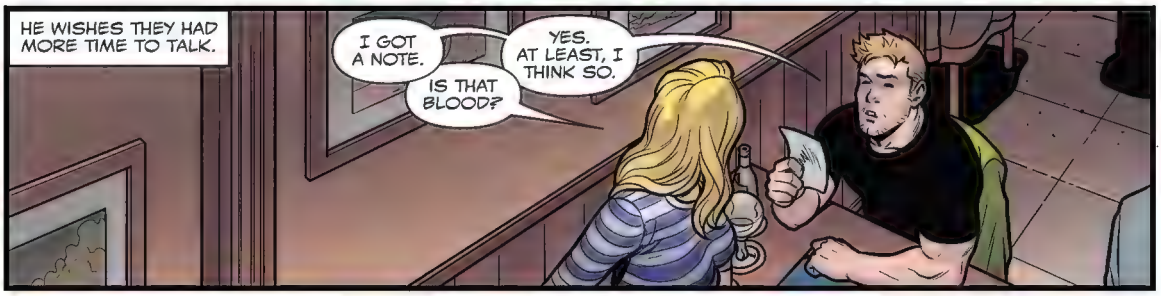

WHAT THE HELL, MAN?!
WHAT THE...?
A FIGHTER
WHAT ARE YOU?
I AM CARNAGE
AND THIS IS MY LUCKY DAY

CRASH

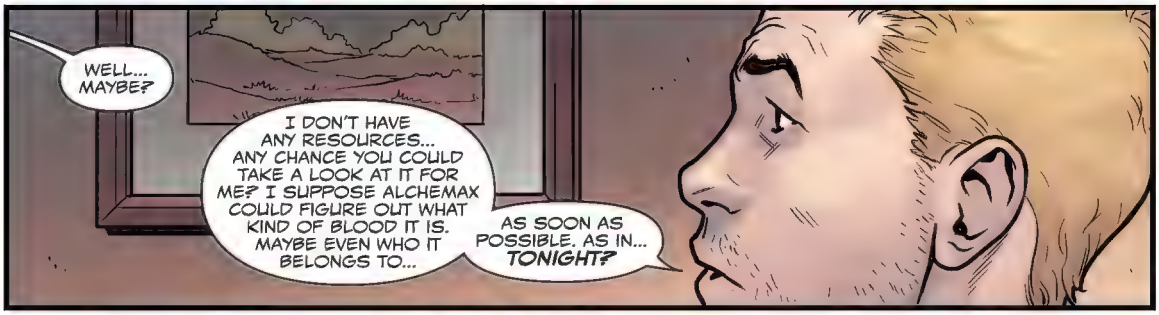
MARK DIES.
WELCOME TO NEWMARKET

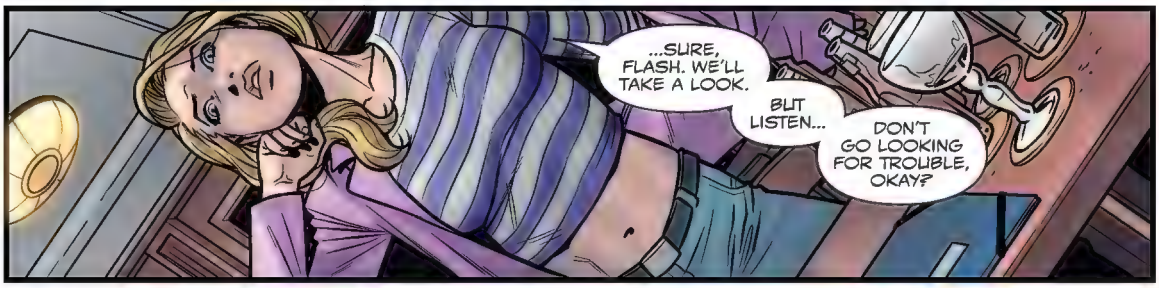
THE FIFTH MARK TO DIE TODAY.
A PATTERN IN THE SAND--
--A ROAD MAP TO NOWHERE--
HANDS UP! TURN AROUND S-SLOWLY!
THE BOOK OF MARK
--FOR PEOPLE TO FOLLOW INTO THE CONSPIRACY OF NOTHING.
OH MY...
TURN AROUND, I SAID!
A GOOD GUY WITH A GUN?
I LOVE YOU BASTARDS.

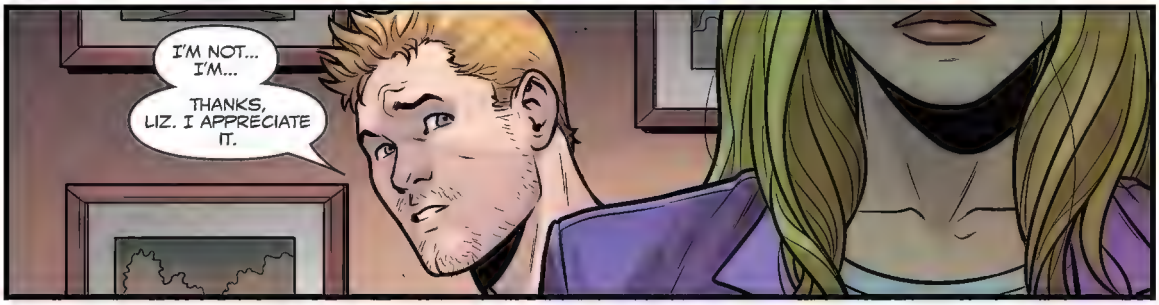

FORTY-SEVEN MINUTES. TWO DRINKS.
...WELL, THE STRAIN WE HAVE AT ALCHEMAX STILL HAS SOME WEAKNESSES, ANTI-VENOM BEING ONE.
BUT CARNAGE SEEMS TO HAVE EVOLVED BEYOND THAT.
THIS IS WHAT I HAVE ON HIM.
I'VE GOT TO RUN, BUT YOU SAID YOU NEEDED HELP WITH SOMETHING ELSE TOO?


HE WISHES THEY HAD MORE TIME TO TALK.
I GOT A NOTE.
IS THAT BLOOD?
YES. AT LEAST, I THINK SO.

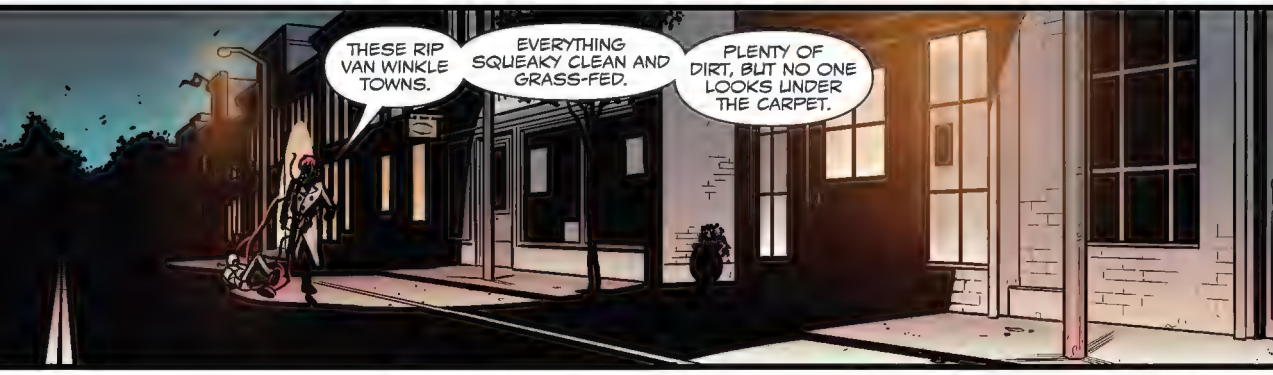
BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE FROM THE SAME SOURCE... AT LEAST NOT ON THE SAME DAY.
LOOKS LIKE IT HAS BEEN APPLIED IN STAGES... YOU SEE?

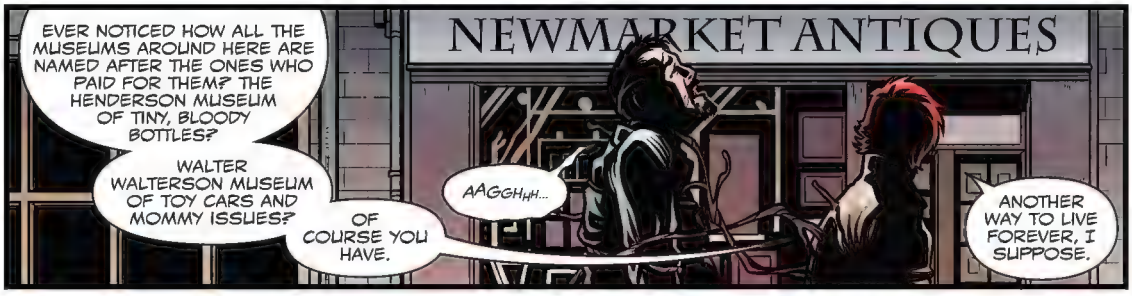

WELL... MAYBE?
I DON'T HAVE ANY RESOURCES... ANY CHANCE YOU COULD TAKE A LOOK AT IT FOR ME? I SUPPOSE ALCHEMAX COULD FIGURE OUT WHAT KIND OF BLOOD IT IS. MAYBE EVEN WHO IT BELONGS TO...
AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. AS IN... TONIGHT?

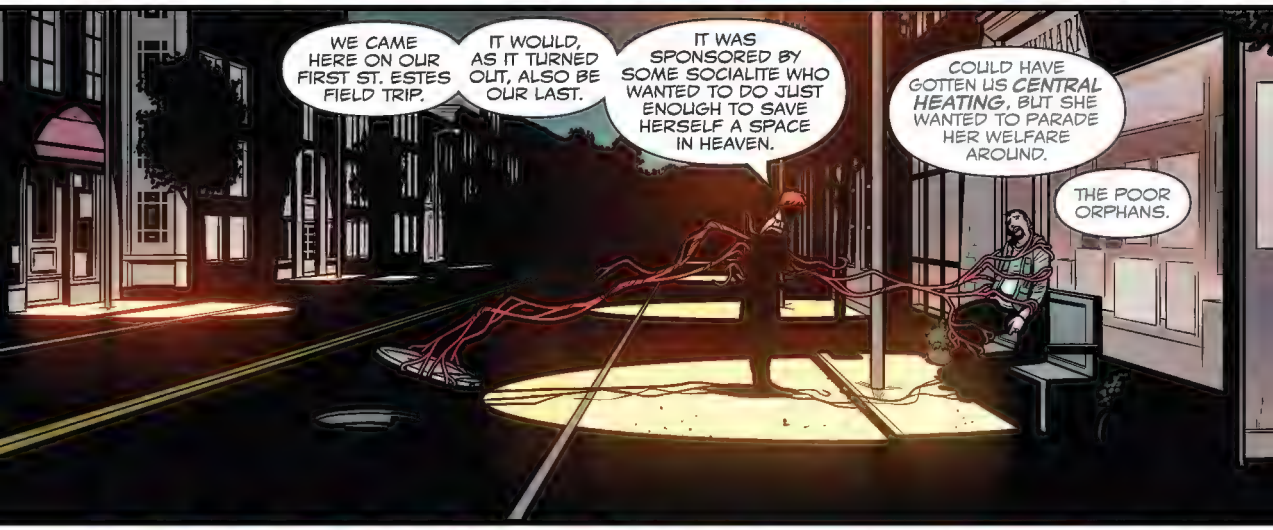

...SURE, FLASH. WE'LL TAKE A LOOK.
BUT LISTEN...
DON'T GO LOOKING FOR TROUBLE, OKAY?

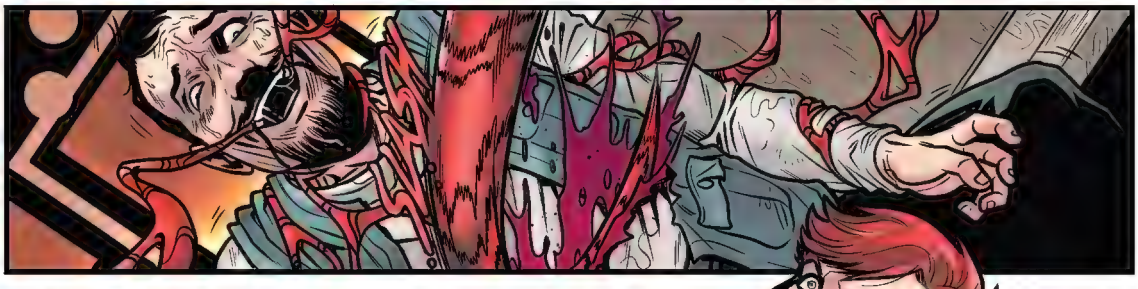

I'M NOT... I'M...
THANKS, LIZ. I APPRECIATE IT.

NOT A DATE, THEN?
TOLD YOU.
GOOD.
GOOD?
SHE'S GOT SECRETS, THAT ONE.
MHM, CAN SAY THAT AGAIN.
ARIA...DO YOU THINK I'M LOOKING FOR TROUBLE?
NO.
BUT YOU DON'T LOOK AWAY WHEN YOU SEE IT. BIG DIFFERENCE.
AND THAT'S NOT A BAD THING, FLASH. IT'S RARE AND GOOD.
MIGHT NOT ALWAYS WORK OUT, BUT...
MHM...
FLASH.
I'M GLAD IT WASN'T A DATE.

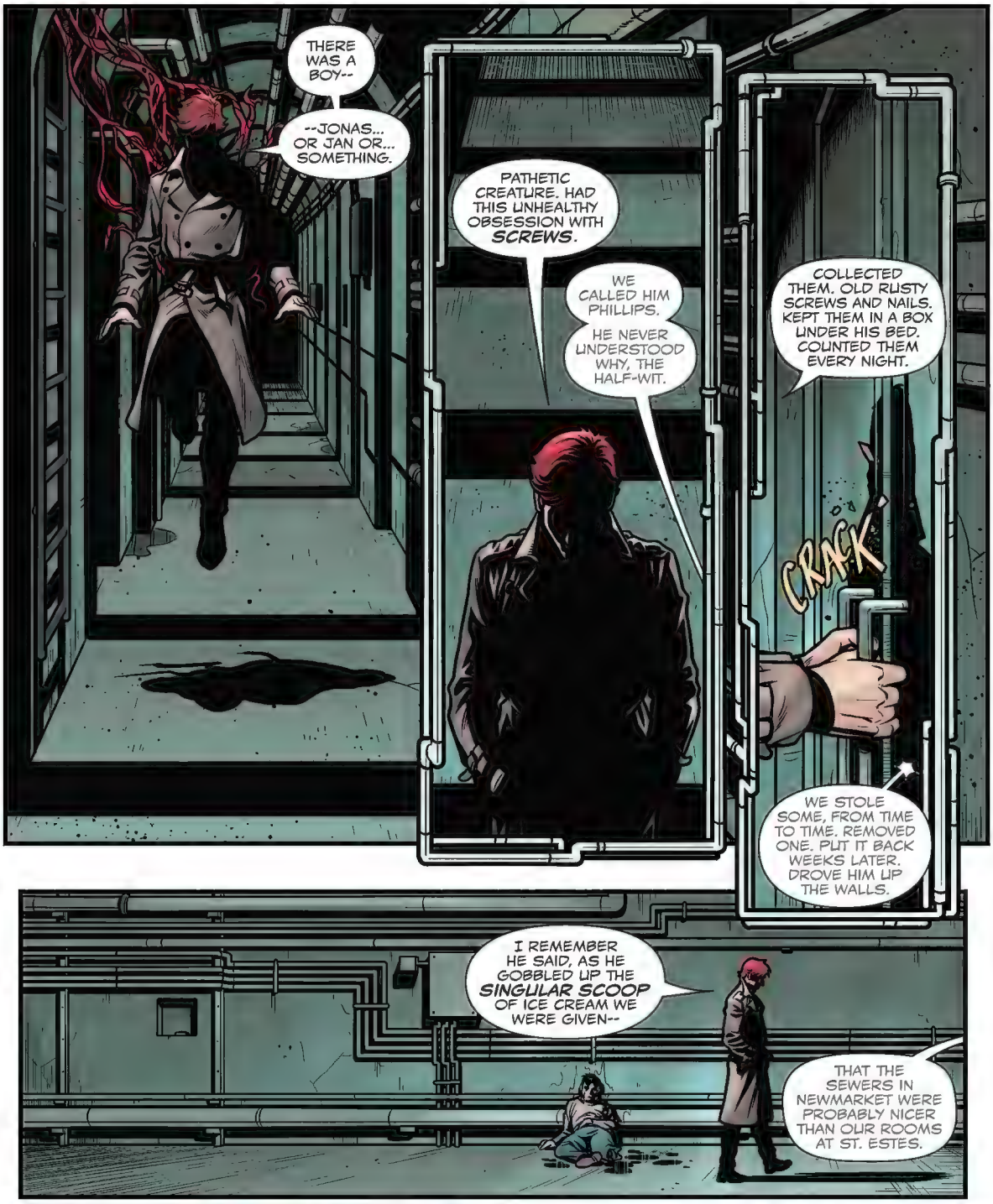

THESE RIP VAN WINKLE TOWNS.
EVERYTHING SQUEAKY CLEAN AND GRASS-FED.
PLENTY OF DIRT, BUT NO ONE LOOKS UNDER THE CARPET.


EVER NOTICED HOW ALL THE MUSEUMS AROUND HERE ARE NAMED AFTER THE ONES WHO PAID FOR THEM? THE HENDERSON MUSEUM OF TINY, BLOODY BOTTLES?
WALTER WALTERSON MUSEUM OF TOY CARS AND MOMMY ISSUES?
OF COURSE YOU HAVE.
NEWMARKET ANTIQUES
AAGGHHH...
ANOTHER WAY TO LIVE FOREVER, I SUPPOSE.


WE CAME HERE ON OUR FIRST ST. ESTES FIELD TRIP.
IT WOULD, AS IT TURNED OUT, ALSO BE OUR LAST.
IT WAS SPONSORED BY SOME SOCIALITE WHO WANTED TO DO JUST ENOUGH TO SAVE HERSELF A SPACE IN HEAVEN.
COULD HAVE GOTTEN US CENTRAL HEATING, BUT SHE WANTED TO PARADE HER WELFARE AROUND.
THE POOR ORPHANS.

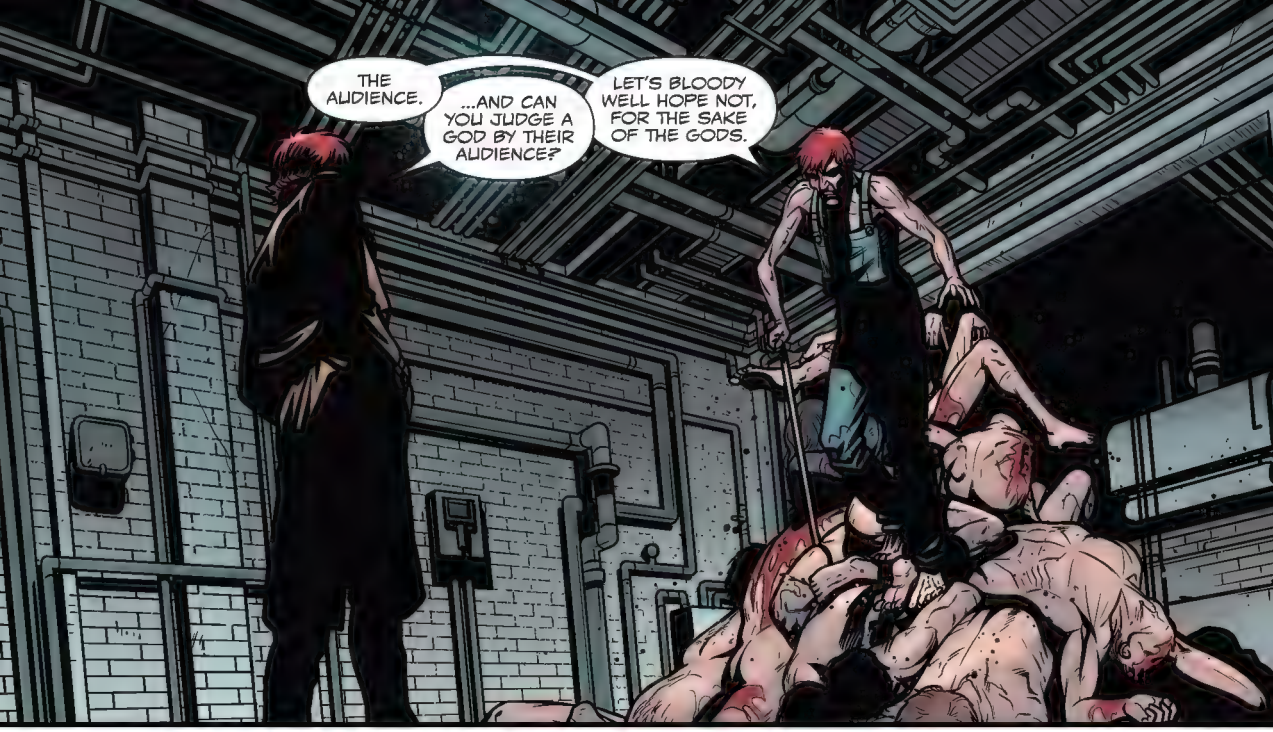


WE STOPPED AT THIS PLACE FOR ICE CREAM...
TOWNSPEOPLE SMILED PLACIDLY... ALL PITY AND DISCOMFORT.
THEY SPOKE TO US SLOWLY... ENUNCIATING EVERY SIMPLE WORD WITH DETERMINATION.
THE SHOP HAD EVERY FLAVOR IN THE WORLD, BUT THEY SERVED US--
CHARITY WITH A SPRINKLE OF CONTEMPT.


THERE WAS A BOY--
--JONAS... OR JAN OR... SOMETHING.
PATHETIC CREATURE. HAD THIS UNHEALTHY OBSESSION WITH SCREWS.
WE CALLED HIM PHILLIPS.
HE NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHY, THE HALF-WIT.
COLLECTED THEM. OLD RUSTY SCREWS AND NAILS. KEPT THEM IN A BOX UNDER HIS BED. COUNTED THEM EVERY NIGHT.
CRACK
WE STOLE SOME, FROM TIME TO TIME. REMOVED ONE. PUT IT BACK WEEKS LATER. DROVE HIM UP THE WALLS.
I REMEMBER HE SAID, AS HE GOBBLED UP THE SINGULAR SCOOP OF ICE CREAM WE WERE GIVEN--
THAT THE SEWERS IN NEWMARKET WERE PROBABLY NICER THAN OUR ROOMS AT ST. ESTES.
IN THE YEARS TO COME, I WOULD FIND OUT THAT HE WAS QUITE RIGHT.
I HAVE A QUESTION FOR YOU, OLD MAN.

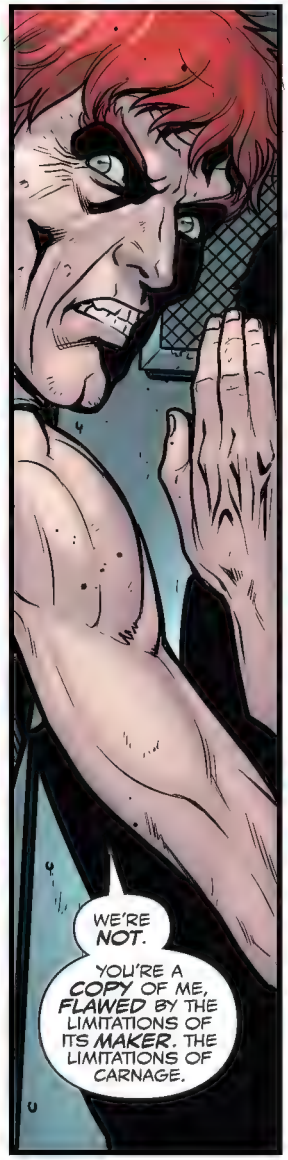
THEN ASK.
WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MADMAN AND A PROPHET?
THE AUDIENCE.

WE HAVE FOUND APOSTLE NUMBER EIGHT. WE HAVE FOUND THOMAS.
AND YOU WILL NOT BELIEVE WHAT I AM ABOUT TO TELL YOU.
BUT FIRST-- DO YOU FEEL TIRED? DEPRESSED? THIS EPISODE OF THE FIELDS REPORT IS SPONSORED BY ORGANILYTE! MORE ABOUT HOW YOU CAN START YOUR SUPPLEMENT JOURNEY LATER IN THE EPISODE.
THOMAS. ONE OF THE TWO MISSING APOSTLES, MISSING NO LONGER.
WE HAVE EXCLUSIVE CONFIRMATION THAT A WOMAN...I REPEAT-- A WOMAN--NAMED EVA THOMAS WAS FOUND MURDERED WITH THE NOW-FAMOUS NUMBER CARVED INTO THE SKIN ON HER BACK.
THAT MEANS THE ONLY MISSING APOSTLE IS JOHN.
?
WHERE IS JOHN?
HE ASKED THE QUESTION. HE WROTE IT ON NATHANAEL'S GLASS TOMB.
IS HE LOOKING FOR JOHN? IS JOHN IN HIDING? IS IT A WARNING? IS IT A MESSAGE?
OR IS IT, AS SOME PEOPLE ARE SAYING, A CALL TO ACTION?
AND IF SO, WHAT DOES HE WANT US TO DO?
THE POLICE REFUSE TO ADMIT TO ANY CONNECTION BETWEEN THE MURDERS, DESPITE AMPLE EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY.
THE WORLD MIGHT HIDE FROM THE TRUTH.
BUT WE... WE WILL NOT.
WE ARE LISTENING.
"WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MADMAN AND A PROPHET?"


THE AUDIENCE.
...AND CAN YOU JUDGE A GOD BY THEIR AUDIENCE?
LET'S BLOODY WELL HOPE NOT, FOR THE SAKE OF THE GODS.

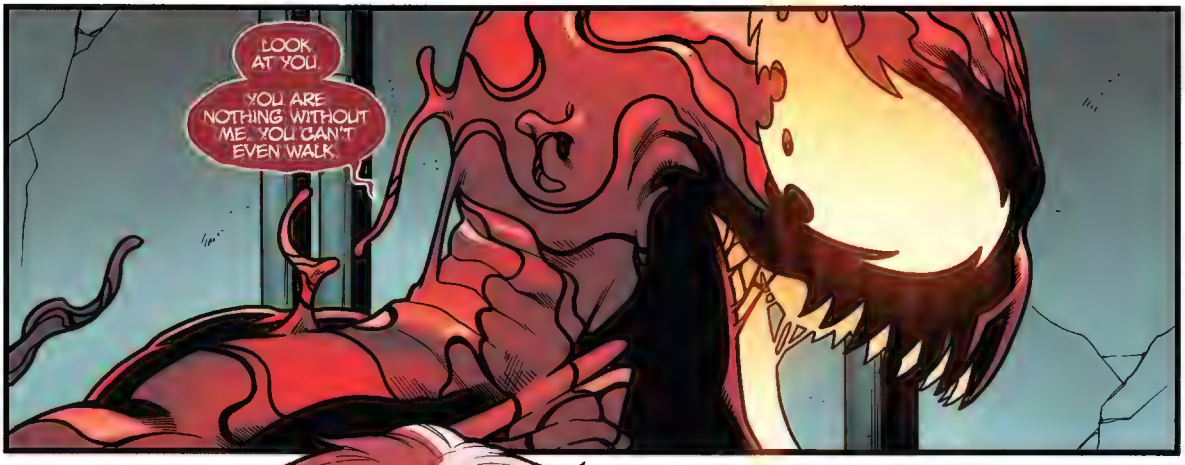
IS THAT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT? WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A GOD? OR WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A GOD BUTCHER?
WOULD IT NOT TAKE ONE TO DO THE OTHER?

SILLY LITTLE CARNAGE.
SILLY LITTLE IMITATION.
I FELT YOU ENTER THE WORLD, YOU KNOW.
I KNEW YOU'D COME FOR ME.
OF COURSE YOU DID. I KNEW YOU WOULD.
WE'RE THE SAME, REMEMBER?


WE'RE NOT.
YOU'RE A COPY OF ME, FLAWED BY THE LIMITATIONS OF ITS MAKER. THE LIMITATIONS OF CARNAGE.

DON'T BE MEAN, CLETUS.

DID YOU EXPECT ME TO BE IMPRESSED?
I LEFT YOU, AND--
AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU.


LOOK AT YOU.
YOU ARE NOTHING WITHOUT ME. YOU CAN'T EVEN WALK.

WHEN I FOUND YOU, YOU WERE LOST.
I SAVED YOU.
NOW, CARNAGE...MY SWEET LITTLE PUPPY.
DON'T BE MEAN.
THE AIR IGNITES.

FIRST COME THE **FLAMES**.

ARRGHHH!

THAT WAS YOUR PLAN?

THEN COMES THE **FURY**.

WHAT DO YOU THINK FIRE WILL DO TO ME?

I EXPECTED MORE FROM YOU, CLETUS.

AND I FROM YOU. WHAT DOES IT SAY ABOUT YOU, GOD BUTCHER, IF YOU CANNOT EVEN KILL AN OLD MAN?

IT TAKES MORE THAN FLAMES TO STOP ME, CLETUS.

--CARNAGE DEVOURS HIS FLESH AND BONES WITH EASE.

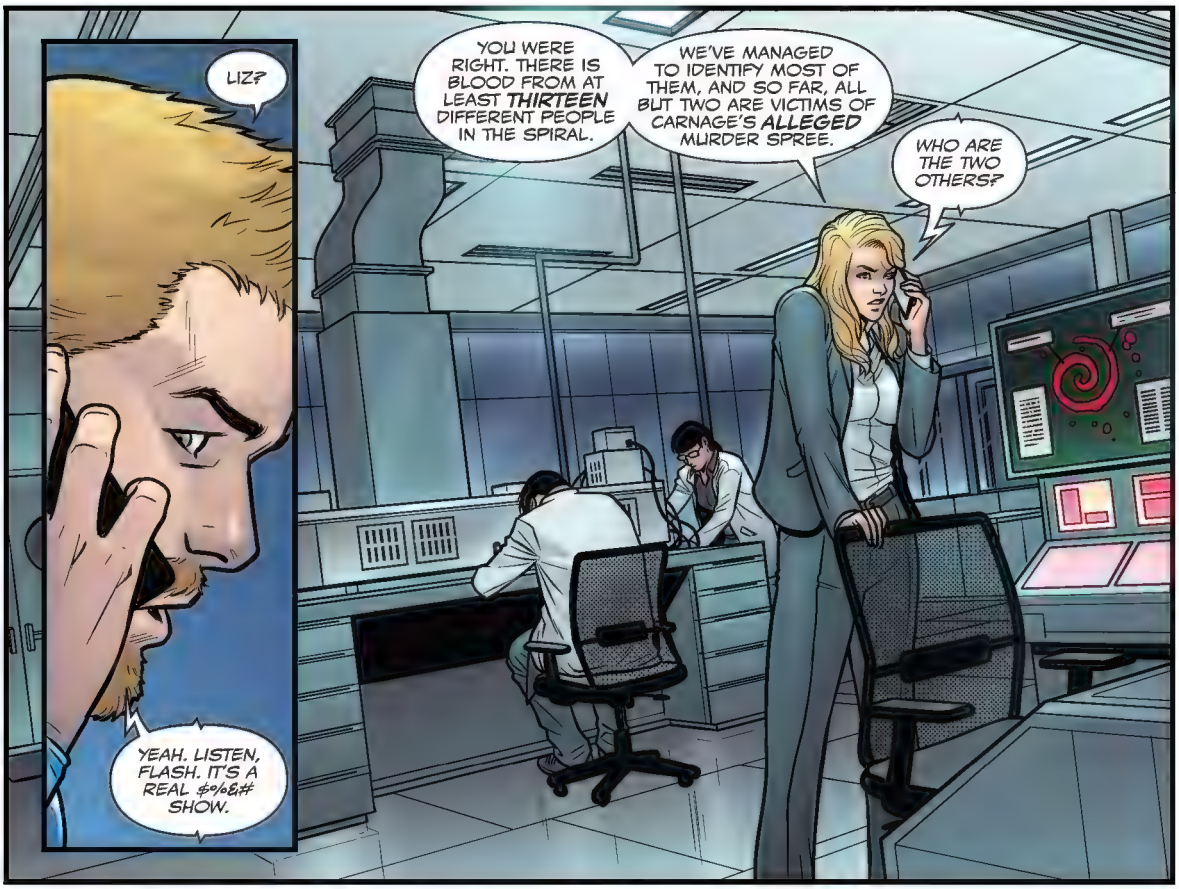
HHRRRKKK

BUT SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE SYMBIOTE--

WHAT... ...WHAT IS THIS?!

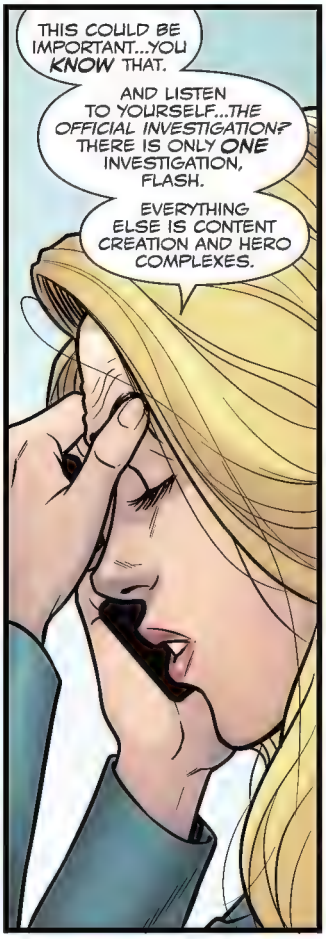
--THE OLD MAN LAUGHS.

FLASH THOMPSON KNOWS HE WILL NOT GET AHEAD BY FOLLOWING THE CRUMBS LEFT BY CARNAGE--
--BUT HE CAN STILL FEEL HIMSELF GETTING SUCKED INTO THE PUZZLE.
THE DEAD DISCIPLES.
THE DEAD MARKS.
THE INTERNET IS ALIVE. THE EXCITEMENT IS INFECTIOUS.
IT FEELS LIKE A GAME, BUT FLASH KNOWS IT IS NOT.
THERE IS NO WINNING THIS.
THE BEST THING HE CAN HOPE FOR IS TO STOP IT.
...AS THE COUNTRY MOURNS NATHANAEL, DETAILS ABOUT HIS SURPRISING BUSINESS PRACTICES ARE STARTING TO SURFACE...
HASHTAG WHEREISJOHN IS TRENDING, WELL, EVERYWHERE.
IT'S ALL THERE ON THE GLASS TOMB.
THERE IS NO WINNING THIS.
IF YOU TAKE THE SECOND LETTER OF ALL THE WORDS ON THE GLASS TOMB...
THE BEST THING HE CAN HOPE FOR IS TO STOP IT.
Liz Allan
RIIING-RIIING
...YOU GET THE WORDS "FIND HIM KILL HIM."


LIZ?
YEAH. LISTEN, FLASH. IT'S A REAL $%&# SHOW.
YOU WERE RIGHT. THERE IS BLOOD FROM AT LEAST THIRTEEN DIFFERENT PEOPLE IN THE SPIRAL.
WE'VE MANAGED TO IDENTIFY MOST OF THEM, AND SO FAR, ALL BUT TWO ARE VICTIMS OF CARNAGE'S ALLEGED MURDER SPREE.
WHO ARE THE TWO OTHERS?

JOHN STATLER-BAKER.
FLASH THOMPSON
ONE IS A MAN CALLED JOHN STATLER-BAKER, AND THE OTHER...
WELL, IT'S YOU, FLASH. YOUR BLOOD IS ON THE PIECE OF PAPER.

THIS IS PUTTING ME IN AN AWKWARD POSITION.
THE POLICE ARE VEHEMENTLY DENYING THAT THE VICTIMS ARE CONNECTED, AND I'M SITTING ON PROOF THAT THEY ARE.
...BUT IT ALSO IMPLICATES ME.
YEAH. IT'S NOT GREAT, FLASH.
CAN YOU HOLD OFF HANDING IT OVER TO THE OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION?


THIS COULD BE IMPORTANT...YOU KNOW THAT.
AND LISTEN TO YOURSELF...THE OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION? THERE IS ONLY ONE INVESTIGATION, FLASH.
EVERYTHING ELSE IS CONTENT CREATION AND HERO COMPLEXES.

...BUT...BUT YOU BELIEVE ME, RIGHT? ABOUT CARNAGE?
YOU DON'T THINK I HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH...
LIZ?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE, FLASH. THIS IS MESSED UP.
DO YOU HAVE STATLER-BAKER'S ADDRESS? PERSONAL DATA? IF YOU SEND IT OVER AND GIVE ME A DAY...BEFORE YOU GO TO THE POLICE....
I DON'T KNOW...
SINCE WHEN DID ALCHEMAX BECOME THE SHINING LIGHT OF RIGHTEOUSNESS? ISN'T YOUR ENTIRE SHTICK PLAYING AROUND IN THE GRAY AREAS OF THE LAW?
LOW BLOW. I'M TRYING TO CHANGE THIS PLACE.
ONE DAY, LIZ. THEN DO WHAT YOU WANT. PLEASE.
OKAY. ONE DAY. GOOD NIGHT, FLASH.
DAMMIT.
CRACK

IT BURNS.
IT FEELS LIKE HIS VERY BEING IS ON FIRE.
WHAT DID YOU DO?
WHAT DID YOU DO, CLETUS?
WHAT IS THIS?!

GGEOH
YOU... P-P-OISONED ME!
WELL, YOU TRIED TO EAT ME.
AS I FIGURED YOU WOULD.
SO YOU PUMPED YOURSELF FULL OF THIS?
CONCENTRATED ANTIBODIES. THE CLOSEST I GOT TO ANTI-VENOM...
I THOUGHT IT WOULD KILL YOU.
BUT YOU ARE AS HARD TO KILL AS ME.
TELL ME, CARNAGE. IF WE ARE THE GODS--
--WHO ARE THE DEVILS?

(IT WAS ONLY EVER A MATTER OF TIME.)

HEY! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN MY HOUSE?

WHAT IS... WHAT?

HELLO, JOHN!

WE FOUND YOU!

#$@%!

PLEASE, MAN...JUST TAKE ANYTHING YOU WANT.

PLEASE!!!

BANG BANG BANG

THE FOOTAGE SHOWS SOMEONE KILLING A JOHN.

JOHN. THE TENTH APOSTLE.

BUT IS THIS C?

I DOUBT IT.

C IS NOT A SERIAL KILLER.

THAT WOULD BE LIKE CALLING DA VINCI A PAINTER...

COPYCATS.

PLING!

WAS THAT WHAT CARNAGE WANTED ALL ALONG? DOES HE WANT PEOPLE TO START KILLING?

JOHN STATLER-BAKER... 53.

PLUMBER... USED TO BE A PRIEST AT OUR LADY OF SAINTS CHURCH.

45 MEADOWS STREET--

HE HAS THE ADDRESS.

FLASH FEELS A SPARK OF EXCITEMENT.

JOHN TLER-BAKER

BUT FOR US--

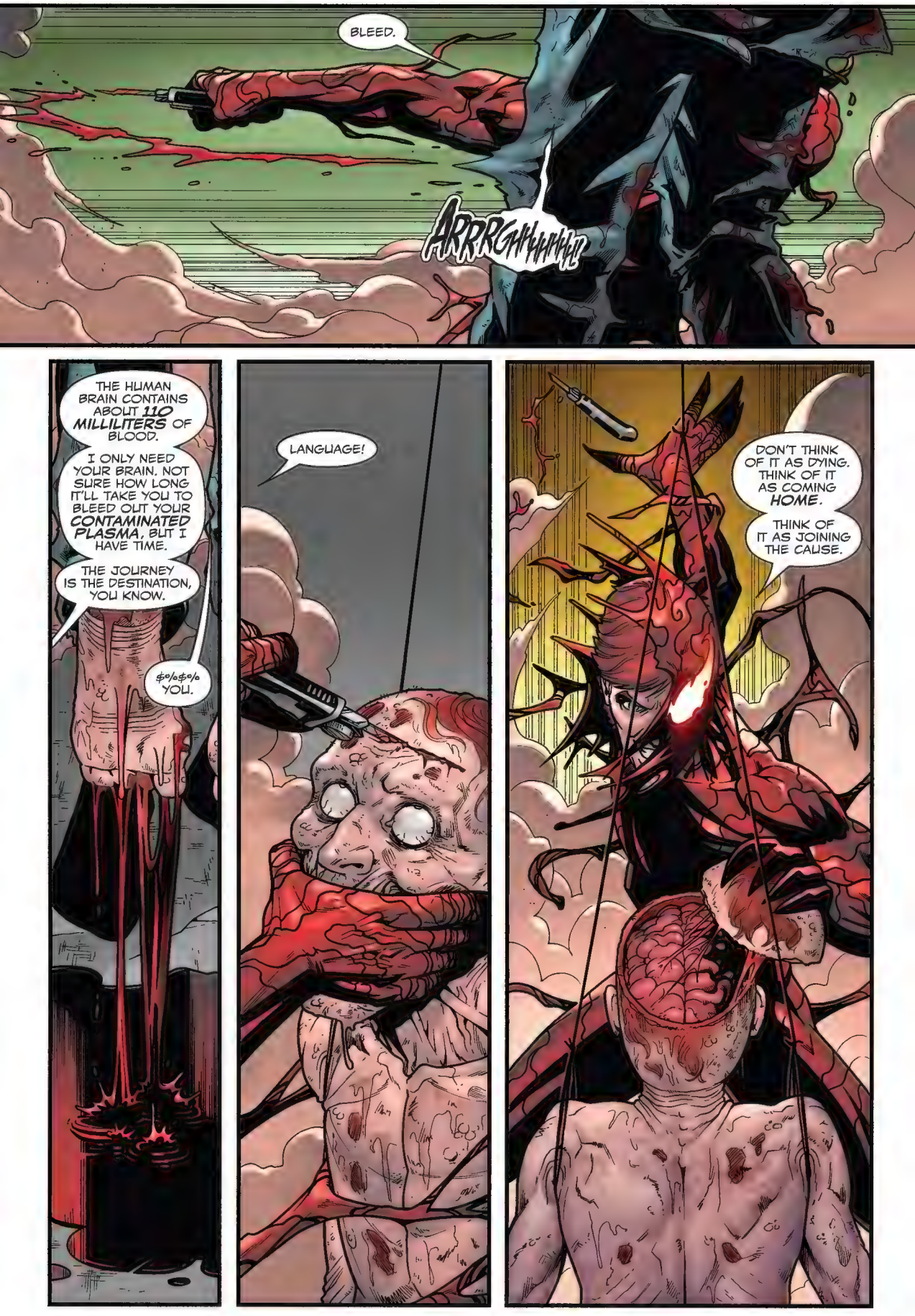
--THE ANGRY--

--THE EFFED-UP AND FORGOTTEN--

--HE SPEAKS TRUTH.

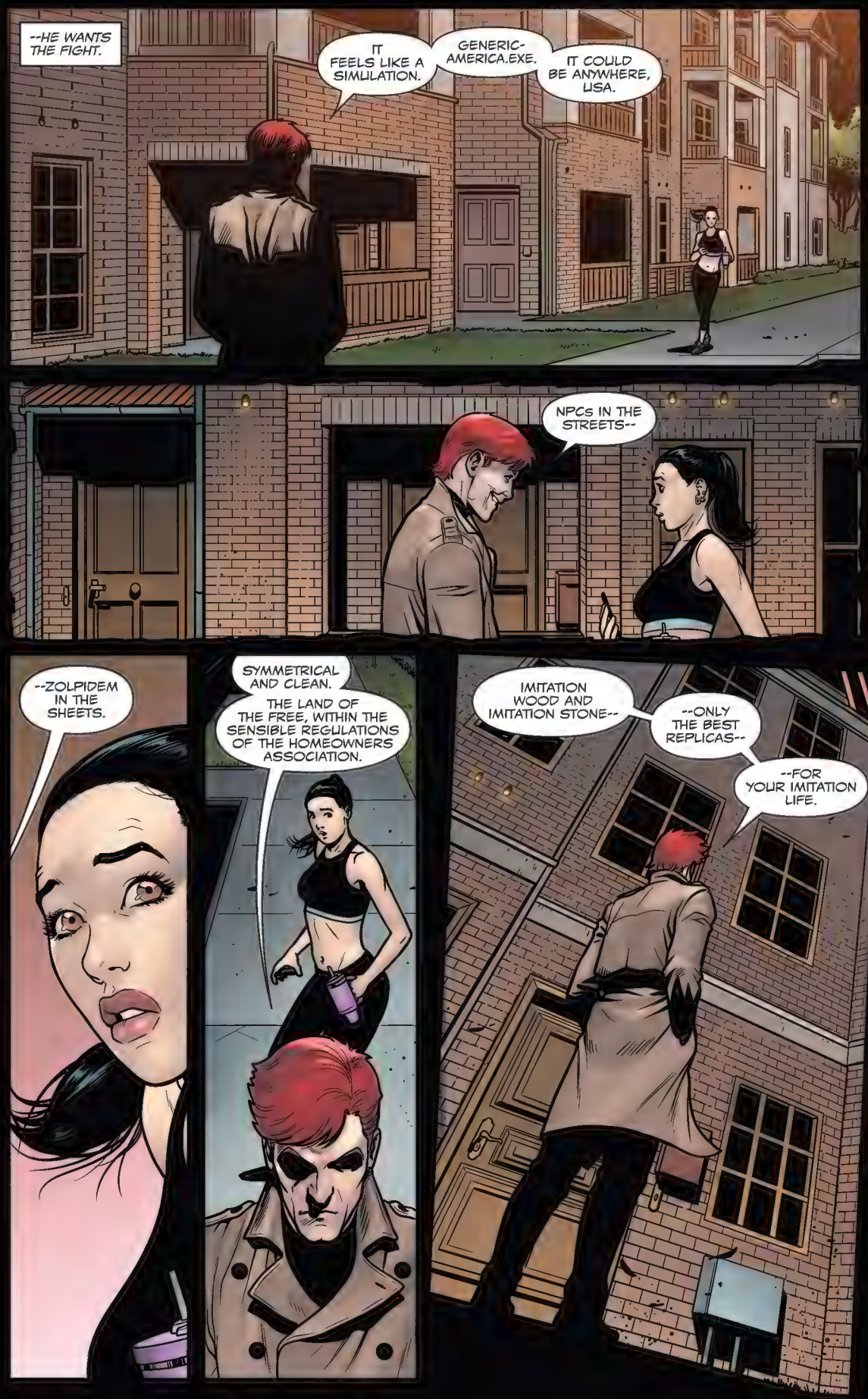
PIZZA

DOES IT HURT?
LIKE BLOODY HELL.
GOOD.
YOUR ANTIBODIES ARE BUT A TEMPORARY INCONVENIENCE.
HAD IT BEEN ANTI-VENOM, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ANOTHER MATTER.
AT LEAST FOR NOW.
THAT'S YOUR PLAN? ELIMINATING YOUR OWN VULNERABILITIES, ONE BY ONE?
MHM.
AND WHAT WILL YOU DO WHEN YOU ARE ALL-POWERFUL?
WHATEVER I WANT.
REALLY?
THERE IS A REASON WE DON'T KILL...ANTS. OR RATS. OR COWS. IT'S TOO EASY.
IF YOU ARE INVULNERABLE... WILL IT STILL FEEL THE SAME? TO KILL PEOPLE? OR WILL YOU HAVE TO START KILLING GODS? OR SUPER HEROES?
KILLING IS MORE THAN THE CHALLENGE. IT IS DOING THE THING EVERYONE WANTS TO DO BUT DOESN'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO.
...WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO UP HERE?

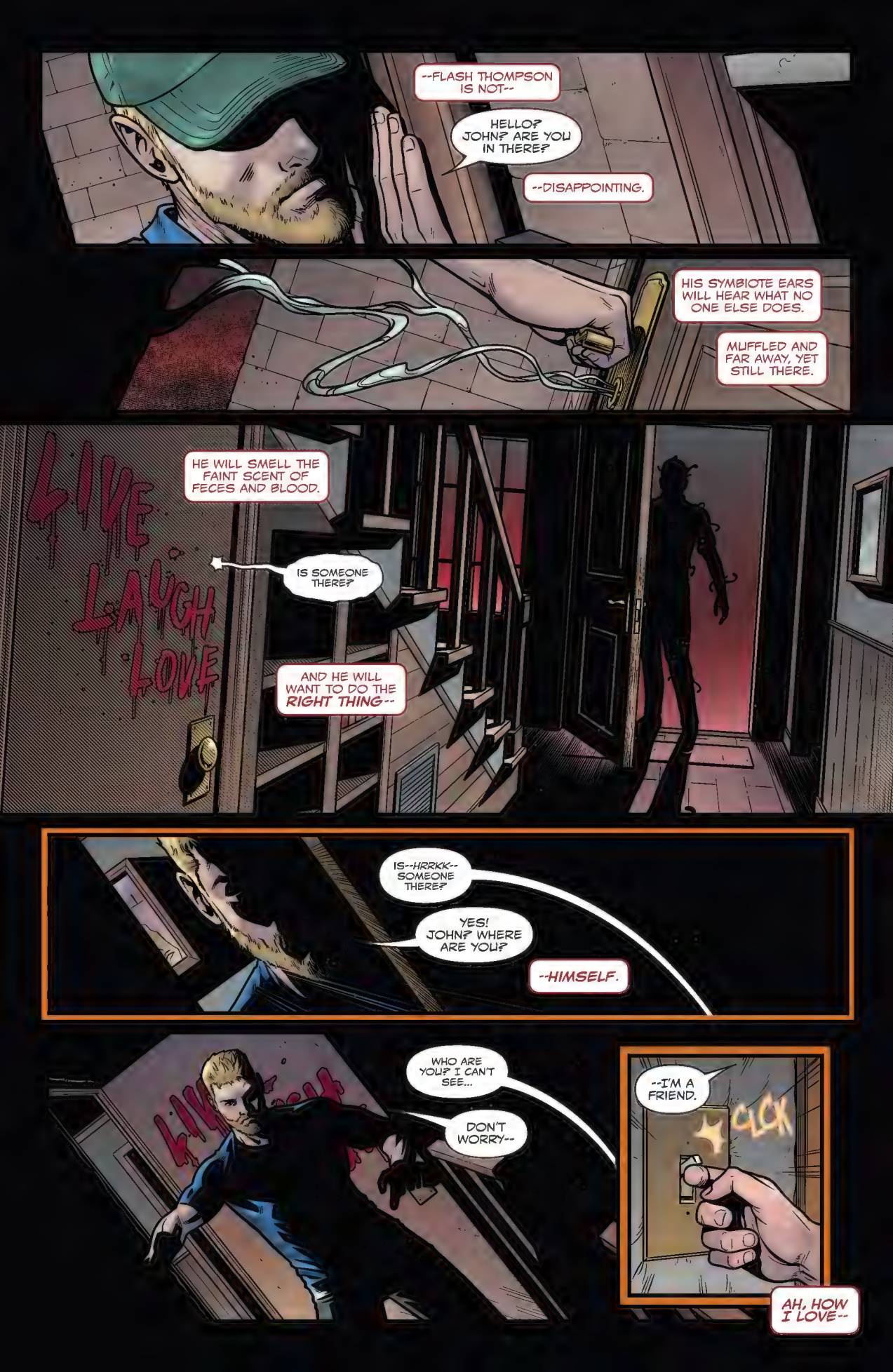

BLEED.
ARRRGHHHHH!!
THE HUMAN BRAIN CONTAINS ABOUT 110 MILLILITERS OF BLOOD.
I ONLY NEED YOUR BRAIN. NOT SURE HOW LONG IT'LL TAKE YOU TO BLEED OUT YOUR CONTAMINATED PLASMA, BUT I HAVE TIME.
THE JOURNEY IS THE DESTINATION, YOU KNOW.
$%@$% YOU.
LANGUAGE!
DON'T THINK OF IT AS DYING. THINK OF IT AS COMING HOME.
THINK OF IT AS JOINING THE CAUSE.

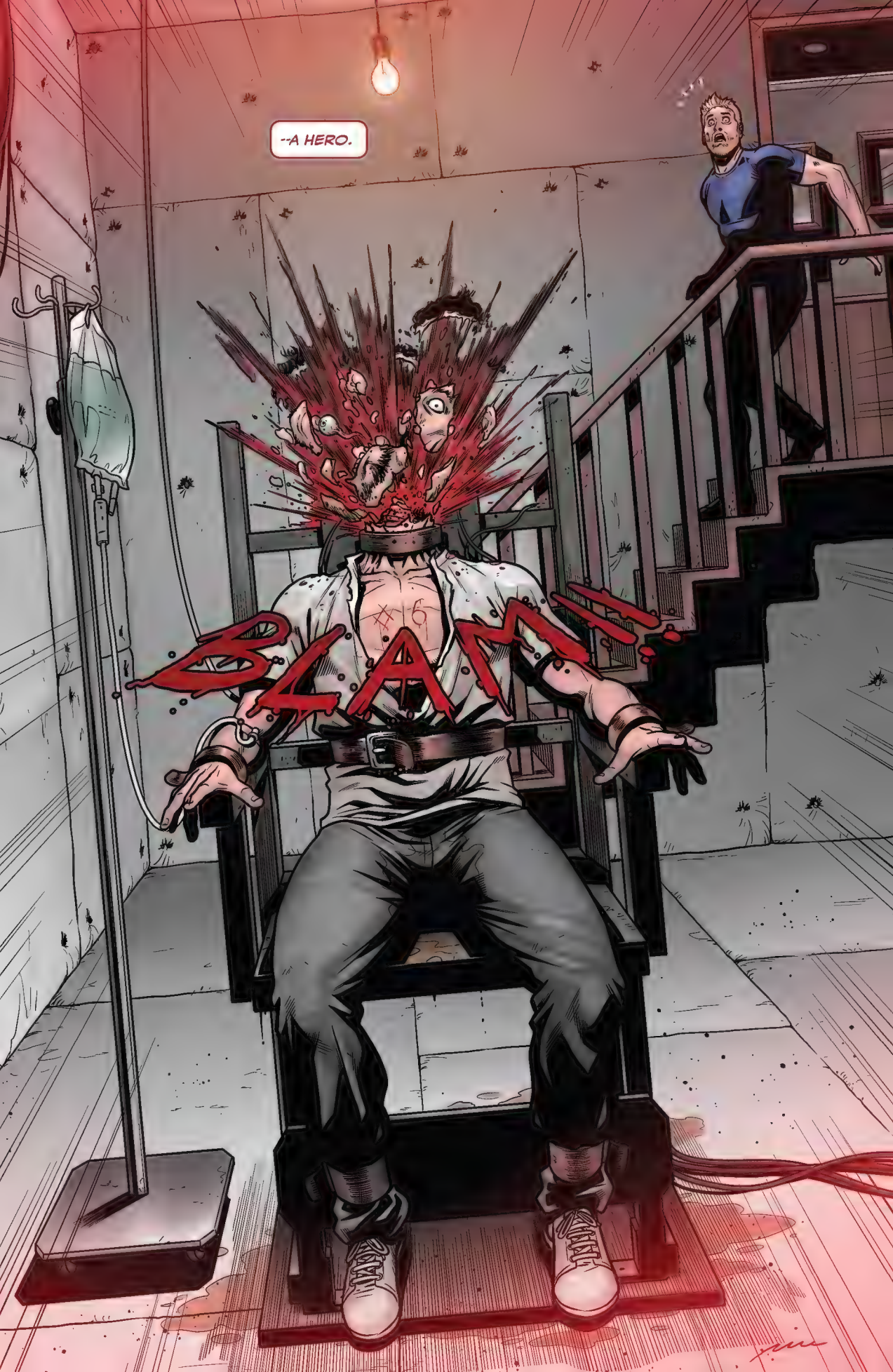
THE BRAIN MATTER BURNS THE SYMBIOTE'S INSIDES.
IT IS A WELCOME PAIN.
THE MAN FIGHTS.
(A LOSING FIGHT.)
CARNAGE ABSORBS WHAT IS LEFT OF HIM--
--HIS SPIRIT, HIS LOGIC, HIMSELF.
WE ARE CARNAGE.
YES, I AM.
AND THE SHOW MUST GO ON.
IS IT TIME?

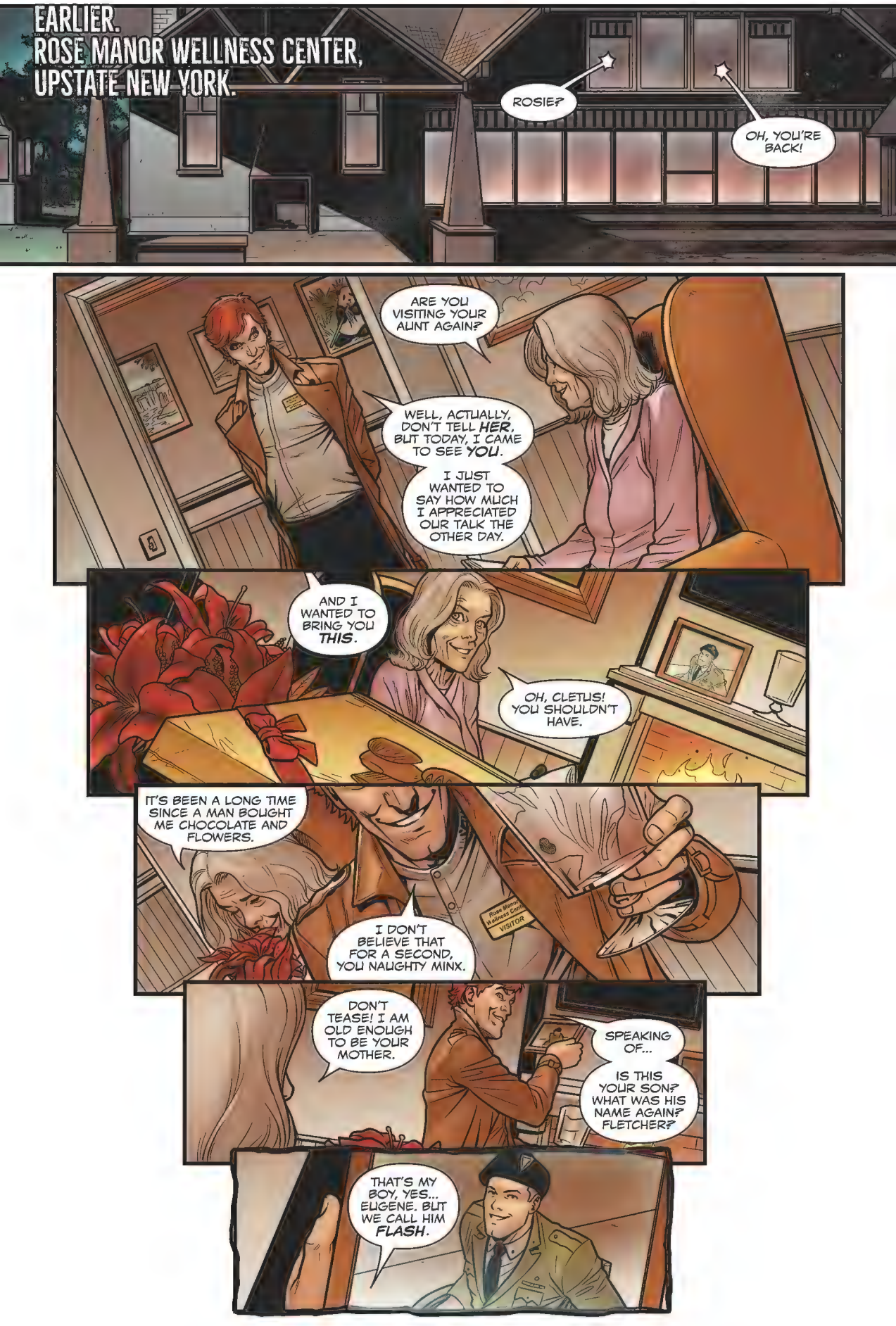
"IT'S TIME."
FLASH KNOWS IT MIGHT BE A TRAP. HE KNOWS CARNAGE MIGHT BE WAITING FOR HIM.
BUT THE TRUTH IS--


--HE WANTS THE FIGHT.
IT FEELS LIKE A SIMULATION.
GENERIC-AMERICA.EXE.
IT COULD BE ANYWHERE, USA.
NPCs IN THE STREETS--
--ZOLPIDEM IN THE SHEETS.
SYMMETRICAL AND CLEAN.
THE LAND OF THE FREE, WITHIN THE SENSIBLE REGULATIONS OF THE HOMEOWNERS ASSOCIATION.
IMITATION WOOD AND IMITATION STONE--
--ONLY THE BEST REPLICAS--
--FOR YOUR IMITATION LIFE.

I WAS PREPARED TO WAIT, BUT HE IS RIGHT ON TIME.
FLASH THOMPSON DOES HIS BEST IMITATION OF AN ORDINARY MAN.
THE SYMBIOTE DISGUISES HIM WELL.
GIVES HIM A COSTUME--
--CHANGES HIS FINGERPRINTS--
--SHRINKS HIS MUSCLES INTO A NONTHREATENING FRAME.
RIGHT ON TIME.
THIS IS THE PLACE.
EVERYTHING LOOKS...FINE.
IN A WORLD OF DISAPPOINTMENT--
Statler-Ba


--FLASH THOMPSON IS NOT--
HELLO? JOHN? ARE YOU IN THERE?
--DISAPPOINTING.
HIS SYMBIOTE EARS WILL HEAR WHAT NO ONE ELSE DOES.
MUFFLED AND FAR AWAY, YET STILL THERE.
HE WILL SMELL THE FAINT SCENT OF FECES AND BLOOD.
IS SOMEONE THERE?
AND HE WILL WANT TO DO THE RIGHT THING--
LIVE
LAUGH
LOVE
IS--HRRKK-- SOMEONE THERE?
YES! JOHN? WHERE ARE YOU?
--HIMSELF.
WHO ARE YOU? I CAN'T SEE...
DON'T WORRY--
--I'M A FRIEND.
CLICK
AH, HOW I LOVE--


--A HERO.
BLAM!


EARLIER.
ROSE MANOR WELLNESS CENTER, UPSTATE NEW YORK.
ROSIE?
OH, YOU'RE BACK!
ARE YOU VISITING YOUR AUNT AGAIN?
WELL, ACTUALLY, DON'T TELL HER, BUT TODAY, I CAME TO SEE YOU.
I JUST WANTED TO SAY HOW MUCH I APPRECIATED OUR TALK THE OTHER DAY.
AND I WANTED TO BRING YOU THIS.
OH, CLETUS! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE.
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE A MAN BOUGHT ME CHOCOLATE AND FLOWERS.
Rose Manor Wellness Center
VISITOR
I DON'T BELIEVE THAT FOR A SECOND, YOU NAUGHTY MINX.
DON'T TEASE! I AM OLD ENOUGH TO BE YOUR MOTHER.
SPEAKING OF...
IS THIS YOUR SON? WHAT WAS HIS NAME AGAIN? FLETCHER?
THAT'S MY BOY, YES... EUGENE. BUT WE CALL HIM FLASH.

NOW.
FIRST COMES THE FEAR.
FOLLOWED BY GUILT.
(OLD FRIENDS BOTH.)
FLASH THOMPSON ALLOWS THEM TO TEAR HIM TO PIECES INSIDE.
BECAUSE HE KNOWS--
CARNAGE!
--RAGE IS NEXT.

WOULD IT MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER IF YOU KNEW THAT HE DID SOME REALLY NASTY THINGS?
HE WAS CLERGY, AFTER ALL.
I'M SURE WE COULD COME UP WITH SOME PLAUSIBLE BACKSTORY THAT WOULD MAKE YOUR ACTIONS LESS...APPALLING.
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING, CLETUS?
DON'T ASK A CLOWN WHY HE'S ACTING LIKE A CLOWN--
--ASK YOURSELF WHY YOU'RE AT THE CIRCUS.
NA-A-A!
NOT YET, FLASHY. IF YOU LOSE YOUR TEMPER, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO PUNISH THE FINE PEOPLE OF MEADOW ROAD.
AND... LISTEN.
ARE THOSE NOT THE DULCET TONES OF THE BOYS IN BLUE?
YOU CALLED THE POLICE.

DID INDEED.
DON'T WORRY, THOMPSON. I'M SURE THE COPS WOULD BELIEVE YOUR STORY, UNBELIEVABLE THOUGH IT IS.
AND WHEN THEY SEARCH YOUR APARTMENT, I'M SURE THEY WILL FIND NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, CLETUS?
YOU ALWAYS LEAVE BODIES IN YOUR WAKE, BUT THIS FEELS... DIFFERENT.

NEED A PLUMBER? CALL
TODAY!
I LOVE THAT WE CAN TALK ABOUT OUR FEELINGS, FLASHY.
THIS IS A SAFE SPACE.

IS THIS A GAME TO YOU?
YOU KNOW IT IS. EVERYTHING IS. MAYBE YOU SHOULD ASK YOURSELF THE SAME THING.
AS IN, WHAT IS THIS TO YOU?

TELL ME SOMETHING--
--IF YOU WANT TO BE A HERO... WHY ARE YOU NOT AT A HOSPITAL SOMEWHERE, HEALING KIDDOS WITH CANCER OR WHATEVER?
I...EH--

ISN'T THAT YOUR TRUE SUPER-POWER? HEALING PEOPLE?
SO WHY DON'T YOU?
SCARED OF PISSING OFF BIG PHARMA? OR DO YOU NOT LIKE BEING AROUND SICKY SICKOS?
WHAT ARE YOU GETTING AT, CLETUS?

FLASH DOES NOT LIKE TO ADMIT THAT HE IS SCARED.
MY POINT IS THAT WE ARE... ALIKE.
BOTH MURDERERS, FOR ONE. AND THERE'S ANOTHER THING...
TELL ME-- ARE YOU ALIVE?

HE HAS MISSED SOMETHING.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
ARE YOU... ALIVE?

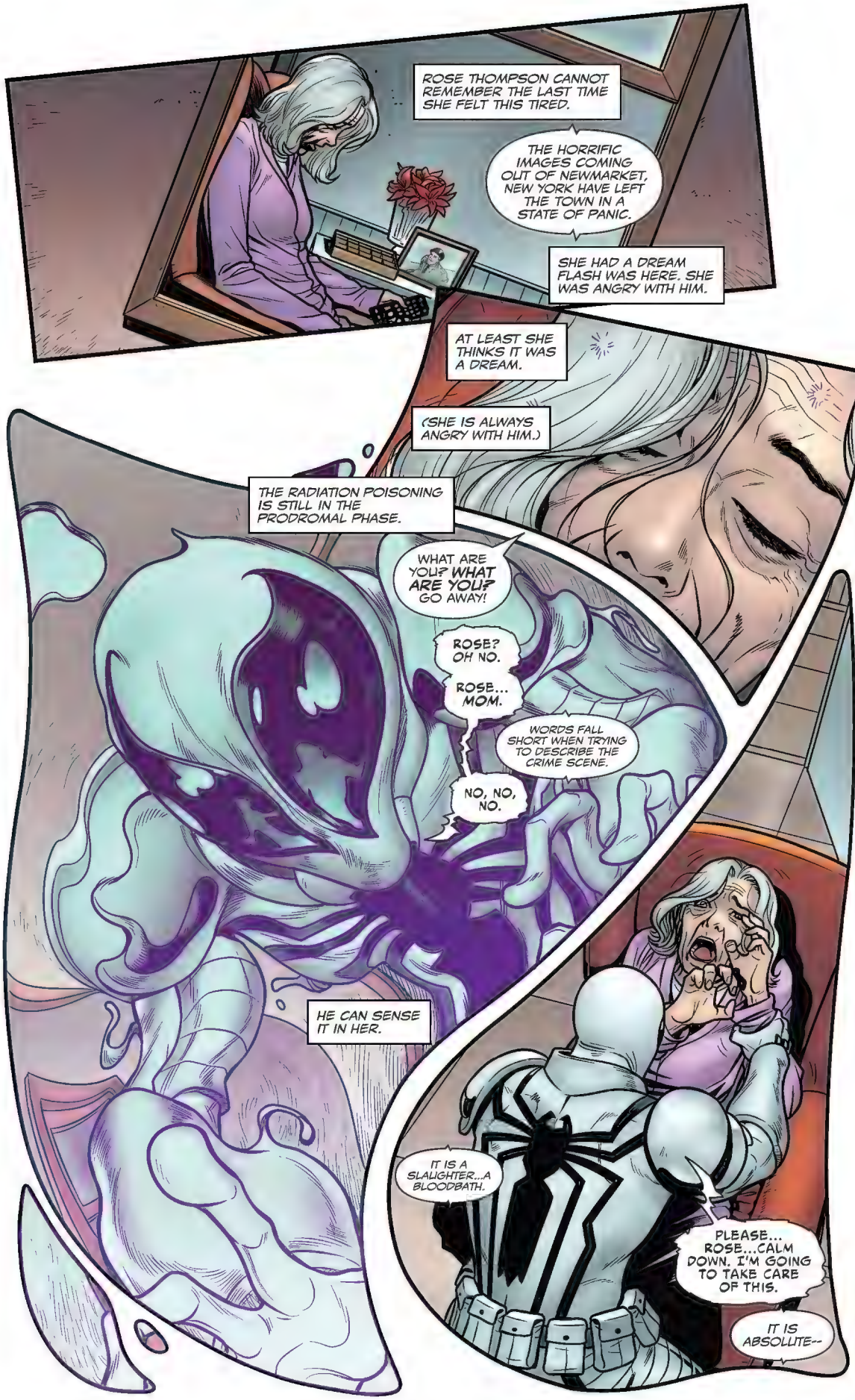
THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE AIR.
I MEAN, FLASH THOMPSON IS DEAD AND BURIED.
SO WHAT ARE YOU? A RECONSTRUCTION MADE BY YOUR SYMBIOTE FRIEND?

AND IF SO... ONE MIGHT WONDER... IF THE SYMBIOTE COULD MAKE YOU INTO WHATEVER IT WANTED, WHY WOULD IT MAKE YOU SO...
...PATHETIC?

HE TRIES TO TAKE CONTROL OF HIS ANGER.
WHY WOULDN'T IT REMOVE THOSE MEMORIES THAT TORTURE YOU?
THE MEMORIES OF ALL THE THINGS YOU'VE DONE...AND ALL THE THINGS YOU DIDN'T DO.
WHY WOULDN'T IT TAKE AWAY YOUR BLOODLUST? MAKE YOU CHARITABLE AND GOOD, INSTEAD OF LAZY AND UNLOVABLE? GIVE YOU YOUR LEGS BACK FOR GOOD?*
*FLASH LOST HIS LEGS AS A SOLDIER IN ASM #574. --ELLIE

WHY WOULD IT CHOOSE TO RE-CREATE YOU WITH ALL YOUR OBVIOUS FLAWS? WHY WOULDN'T IT MAKE YOU WHOLE AGAIN?
HE TRIES TO FOCUS.

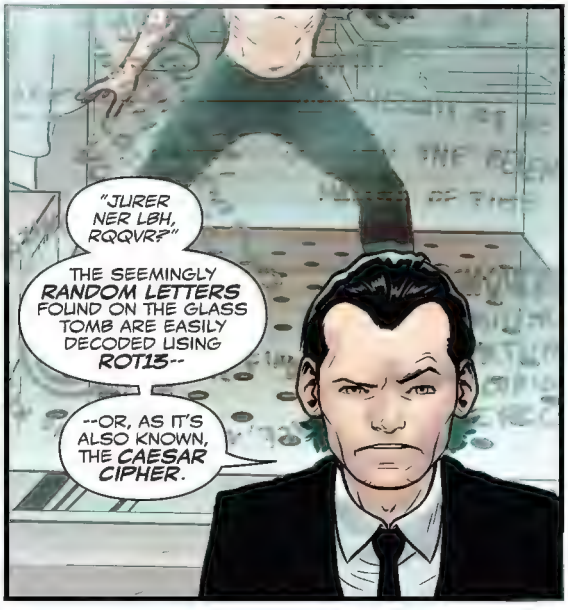
(BUT IT IS NOT EASY.)
AAGHH!
AND WHEN HE FINALLY GETS IT--
AHH, FLASH. LIKE PLAYING A #%&$& FIDDLE!
YOU CAN MOCK MY WISH TO DO RIGHT ALL YOU WANT.
BUT THERE IS NOTHING NAIVE ABOUT WANTING TO STOP YOU, CLETUS.
--WHEN HE RECOGNIZES THE FAINT SCENT OF LILIES--
Rose Manor Wellness Center
VISITOR
BUT YOU DON'T WANT TO STOP ME, DO YOU, HERO BOY?
YOU WANT TO KILL ME--
WHAT IS THAT? WHAT... WHY DO YOU HAVE THAT?
--WHEN HE RECOGNIZES THE FAINT SCENT OF HOME--
Rose Manor
llness Center
VISITOR
THIS? THEY TELL YOU TO WEAR IT. AND I FOLLOW THE RULES--YOU KNOW THAT, FLASH.
YOUR MOTHER IS LOVELY, BY THE WAY.
YOU SHOULD REALLY VISIT HER MORE OFTEN.
--IT IS ALREADY TOO LATE.


ROSE THOMPSON CANNOT REMEMBER THE LAST TIME SHE FELT THIS TIRED.
THE HORRIFIC IMAGES COMING OUT OF NEWMARKET, NEW YORK HAVE LEFT THE TOWN IN A STATE OF PANIC.
SHE HAD A DREAM FLASH WAS HERE. SHE WAS ANGRY WITH HIM.
AT LEAST SHE THINKS IT WAS A DREAM.
(SHE IS ALWAYS ANGRY WITH HIM.)
THE RADIATION POISONING IS STILL IN THE PRODROMAL PHASE.
WHAT ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU? GO AWAY!
ROSE? OH NO.
ROSE... MOM.
WORDS FALL SHORT WHEN TRYING TO DESCRIBE THE CRIME SCENE.
NO, NO, NO.
HE CAN SENSE IT IN HER.
IT IS A SLAUGHTER...A BLOODBATH.
PLEASE... ROSE...CALM DOWN. I'M GOING TO TAKE CARE OF THIS.
IT IS ABSOLUTE--

"--CARNAGE."
...THERE IS A PATTERN HERE.
AND IF WE CAN FIND IT, WE CAN FOLLOW IT.
IF WE CAN FOLLOW IT, WE CAN PREDICT WHO IS NEXT.

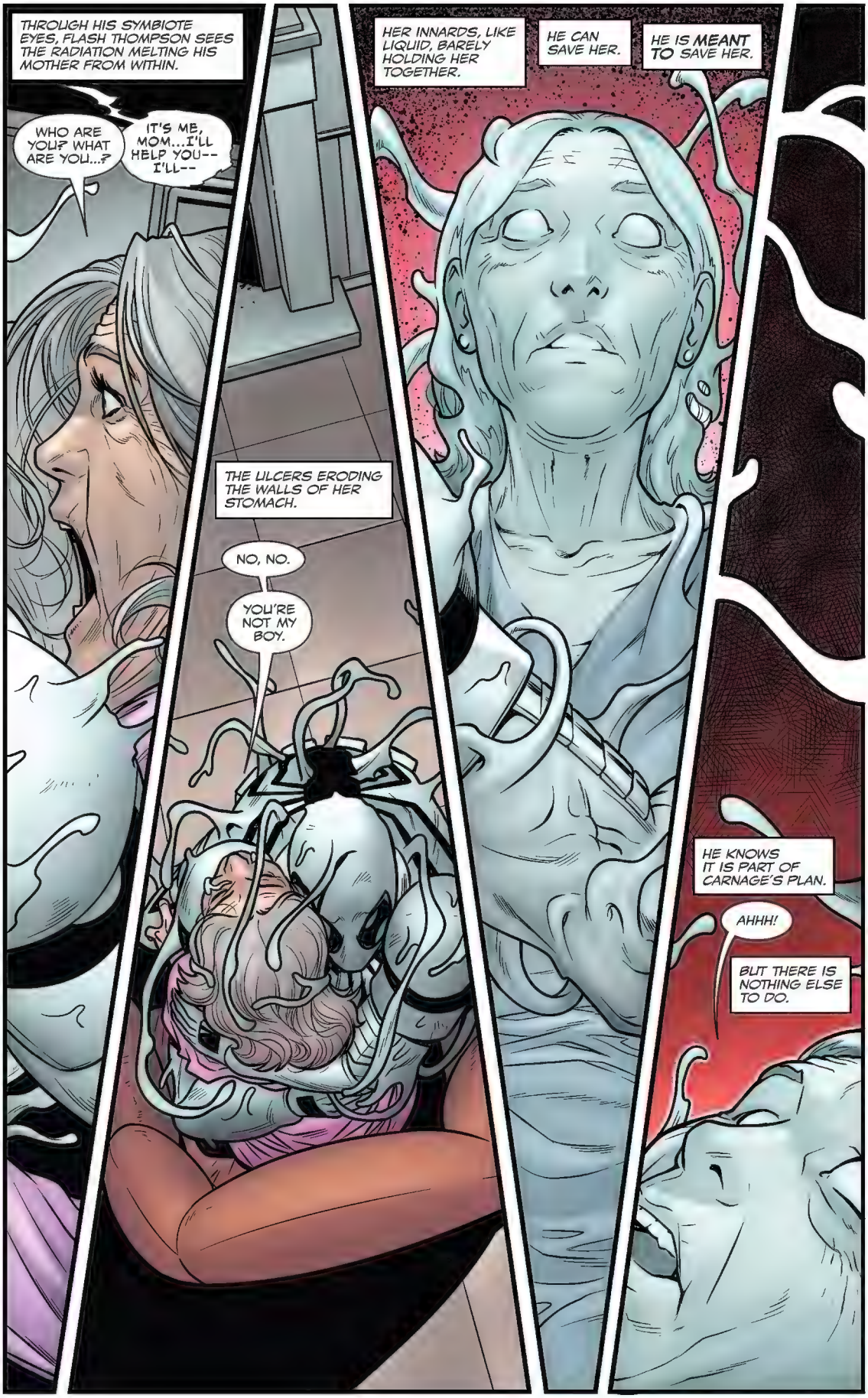
BUT FIRST, I WANT TO TAKE A MOMENT TO THANK YOU ALL FOR GETTING THE FIELD REPORT TO 200,000 SUBSCRIBERS!
STICK AROUND TO THE END OF THE VIDEO FOR OUR GIVEAWAY!

THE BOOK OF MARK
TWELVE DISCIPLES. THE BOOK OF MARK.
WE ARE LOOKING FOR PATTERNS, AND TODAY, WE HAD A BREAKTHROUGH.


"JURER NER LBH, RQQVR?"
THE SEEMINGLY RANDOM LETTERS FOUND ON THE GLASS TOMB ARE EASILY DECODED USING ROT13--
--OR, AS IT'S ALSO KNOWN, THE CAESAR CIPHER.

Jurer ner lbh, Rqqvr?
CAESAR? C? FOOD FOR THOUGHT... FOOD FOR THOUGHT.
WHEN DECODED, THE MESSAGE READS, "WHERE ARE YOU, EDDIE?"

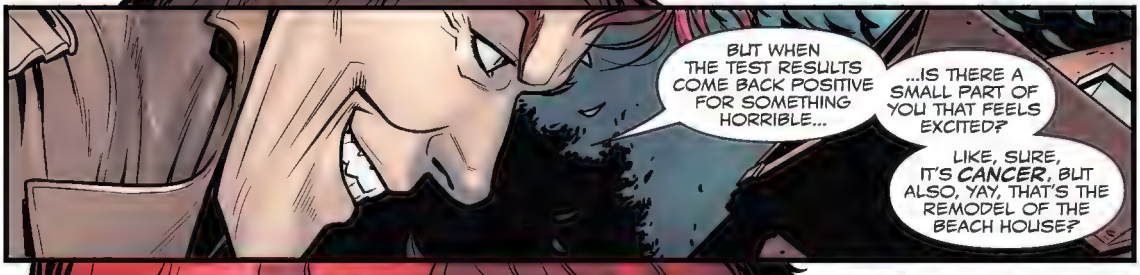
WHICH LEAVES US ALL WONDERING--
--WHO IS EDDIE?
AND IS HE NEXT?

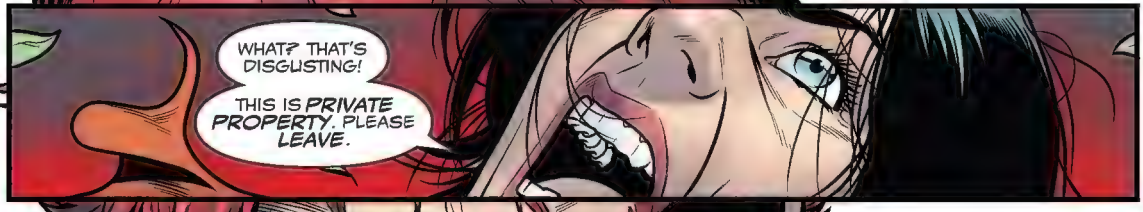

THROUGH HIS SYMBIOTE EYES, FLASH THOMPSON SEES THE RADIATION MELTING HIS MOTHER FROM WITHIN.
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT ARE YOU...?
IT'S ME, MOM...I'LL HELP YOU-- I'LL--
THE ULCERS ERODING THE WALLS OF HER STOMACH.
NO, NO.
YOU'RE NOT MY BOY.
HER INNARDS, LIKE LIQUID, BARELY HOLDING HER TOGETHER.
HE CAN SAVE HER.
HE IS MEANT TO SAVE HER.
HE KNOWS IT IS PART OF CARNAGE'S PLAN.
AHHH!
BUT THERE IS NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

WHAT IF HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE EDDIE IS?
FLASH KNOWS.
WE NEED HIM. IT'S NOT GOING TO BE THE SAME WITHOUT BROCK.
ROSE MANOR WELLNESS CENTER.

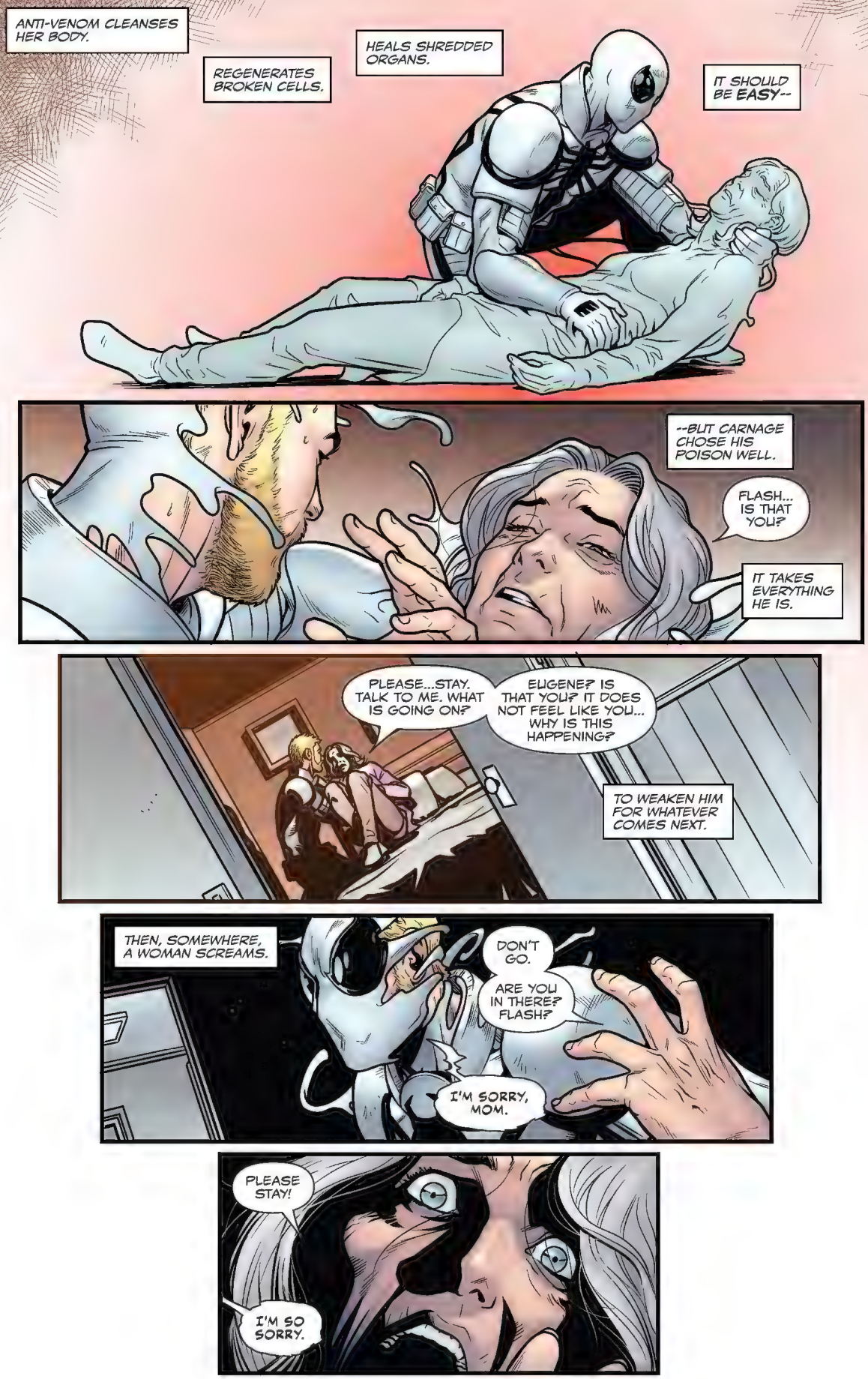
I KNOW. WE'LL FIND HIM.
TELL ME SOMETHING, DOCTOR...
I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED THIS... YOU TAKE THE HYPOCRITICAL OATH, RIGHT...?

EH...WE TAKE THE HIPPOCRATIC OATH.
SURE. YOU TAKE THE OATH AND SWEAR TO AVOID THOSE TWIN TRAPS OF OVERTREATMENT AND THERAPEUTIC NIHILISM...
...AND TO PREVENT DISEASE WHENEVER YOU CAN, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH.


BUT WHEN THE TEST RESULTS COME BACK POSITIVE FOR SOMETHING HORRIBLE...
...IS THERE A SMALL PART OF YOU THAT FEELS EXCITED?
LIKE, SURE, IT'S CANCER, BUT ALSO, YAY, THAT'S THE REMODEL OF THE BEACH HOUSE?

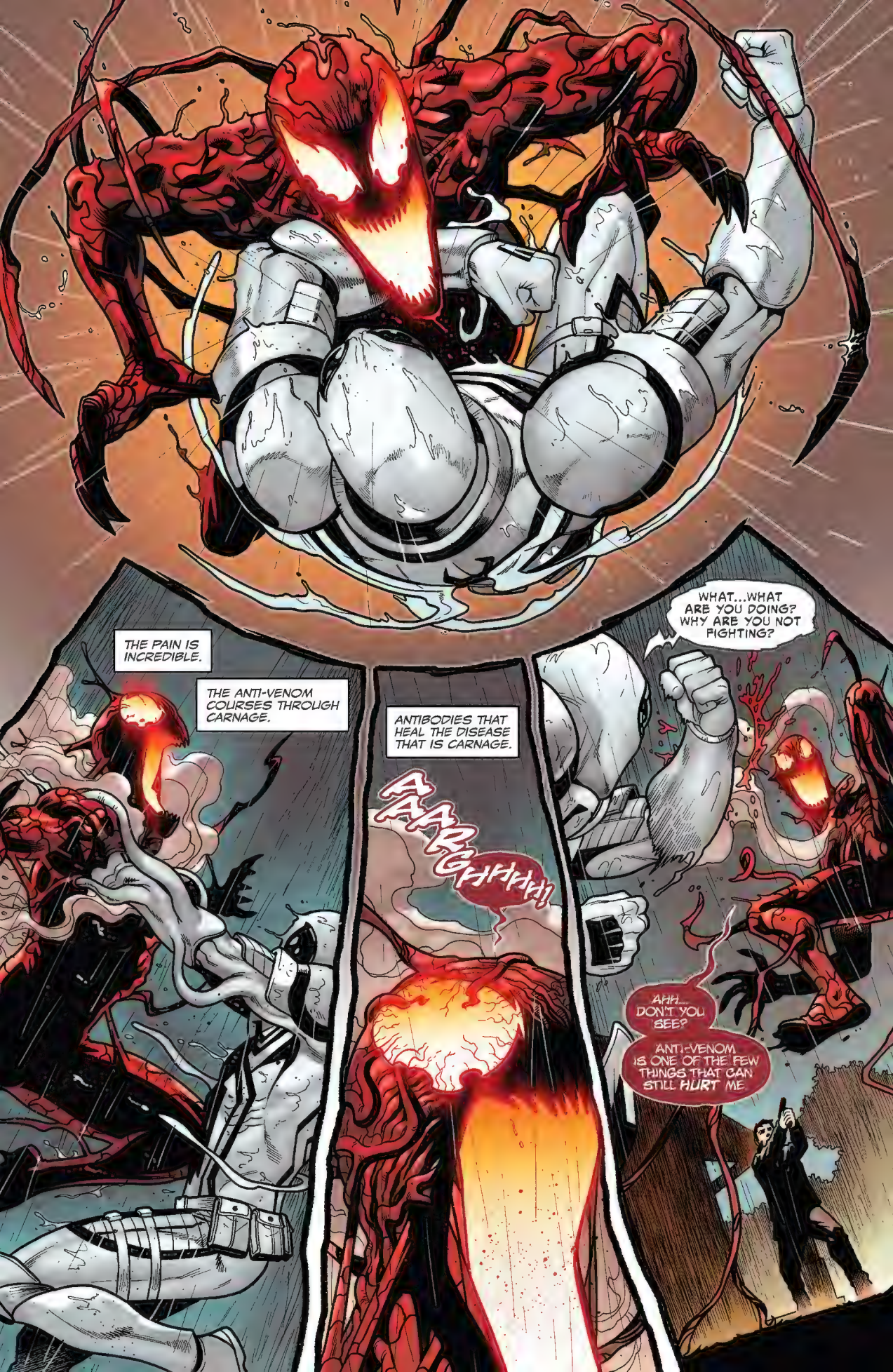

WHAT? THAT'S DISGUSTING!
THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY. PLEASE LEAVE.

BUT I NEED YOU, DOCTOR.
I NEED YOU TO SCREAM.


ANTI-VENOM CLEANSES HER BODY.
REGENERATES BROKEN CELLS.
HEALS SHREDDED ORGANS.
IT SHOULD BE EASY--
--BUT CARNAGE CHOSE HIS POISON WELL.
FLASH... IS THAT YOU?
IT TAKES EVERYTHING HE IS.
PLEASE...STAY. TALK TO ME. WHAT IS GOING ON?
EUGENE? IS THAT YOU? IT DOES NOT FEEL LIKE YOU... WHY IS THIS HAPPENING?
TO WEAKEN HIM FOR WHATEVER COMES NEXT.
THEN, SOMEWHERE, A WOMAN SCREAMS.
DON'T GO.
ARE YOU IN THERE? FLASH?
I'M SORRY, MOM.
PLEASE STAY!
I'M SO SORRY.

EVERY MOVEMENT IS PAINFUL.
HELP MEEE!!!
FLASHY?!
KA-BOOM
THERE YOU ARE!
IIEEEEEE!
FLASH ENTERS THE FIGHT, WEAK AND DRAINED.
ARGHHH!
WHAT'S THE MATTER, EUGENE?
JUST AS HE IS SUPPOSED TO.

DID HEALING MOMMY TAKE IT OUT OF YOU?
WHAT THE HELL DID YOU GIVE HER?
POLONIUM-210! IT'S NASTY STUFF. DID YOU KNOW ONE GRAM COULD KILL FIFTY MILLION PEOPLE?
TO BE CLEAR, I DID NOT MAKE IT... THEY DID!
AH, HUMANITY. THE THINGS THEY INVENT.
THE THINGS THEY DO.
I HAVE BEEN THINKING ABOUT GODLINESS LATELY.
ONE MIGHT WONDER IF CARNAGE HAS A PLACE IN THE HEARTS OF MEN.
BUT THE THING IS--
--I AM ALREADY THERE.


THE PAIN IS INCREDIBLE.
THE ANTI-VENOM COURSES THROUGH CARNAGE.
ANTIBODIES THAT HEAL THE DISEASE THAT IS CARNAGE.
AAARGHHHH!
WHAT...WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WHY ARE YOU NOT FIGHTING?
AHH... DON'T YOU SEE?
ANTI-VENOM IS ONE OF THE FEW THINGS THAT CAN STILL HURT ME

BUT I AM EVOLVING
I AM ON A JOURNEY TO BECOME SOMETHING NEW.
NO! DON'T SHOOT! RUN!
BANG
BANG
BANG
WITH EVERY BITE OF YOURS, YOUR ANTI-VENOM GROWS LESS EFFECTIVE. I'M BUILDING UP MY TOLERANCE. IT IS BECOMING PART OF ME.
IN A FEW DAYS, I WILL ABSORB YOU, AND IT WILL HURT ME NO MORE.
LET HIM GO, CARNAGE!
STOP!
YOU ARE... THE LIGHT TO MY DARKNESS.
THE YIN TO MY YANG.
BUT I WANT...

...I WANT IT ALL FLASH.

CARNAGE WELCOMES THE ANTI-VENOM--

--AND THE SYMBIOTE.

FOR A MOMENT, THEY ARE THE SAME.

THEY ARE ONE, FIGHTING FOR CONTROL OF THE MASS THEY MAKE.

THEIR MINDS MERGE.

BOND.

CARNAGE SEARCHES FOR ANSWERS TO HIS QUESTIONS IN FLASH'S MIND--

--WHERE IS EDDIE BROCK? WHERE IS VENOM?

HE SEES **THE BOY** FLASH THROUGH THEIR THOUGHTS.

DYLAN.

THE **OTHER** CHILD.

WHAT IS LEFT OF FLASH THOMPSON FEELS CARNAGE'S EXCITEMENT THROUGH THE STRANGE BOND.

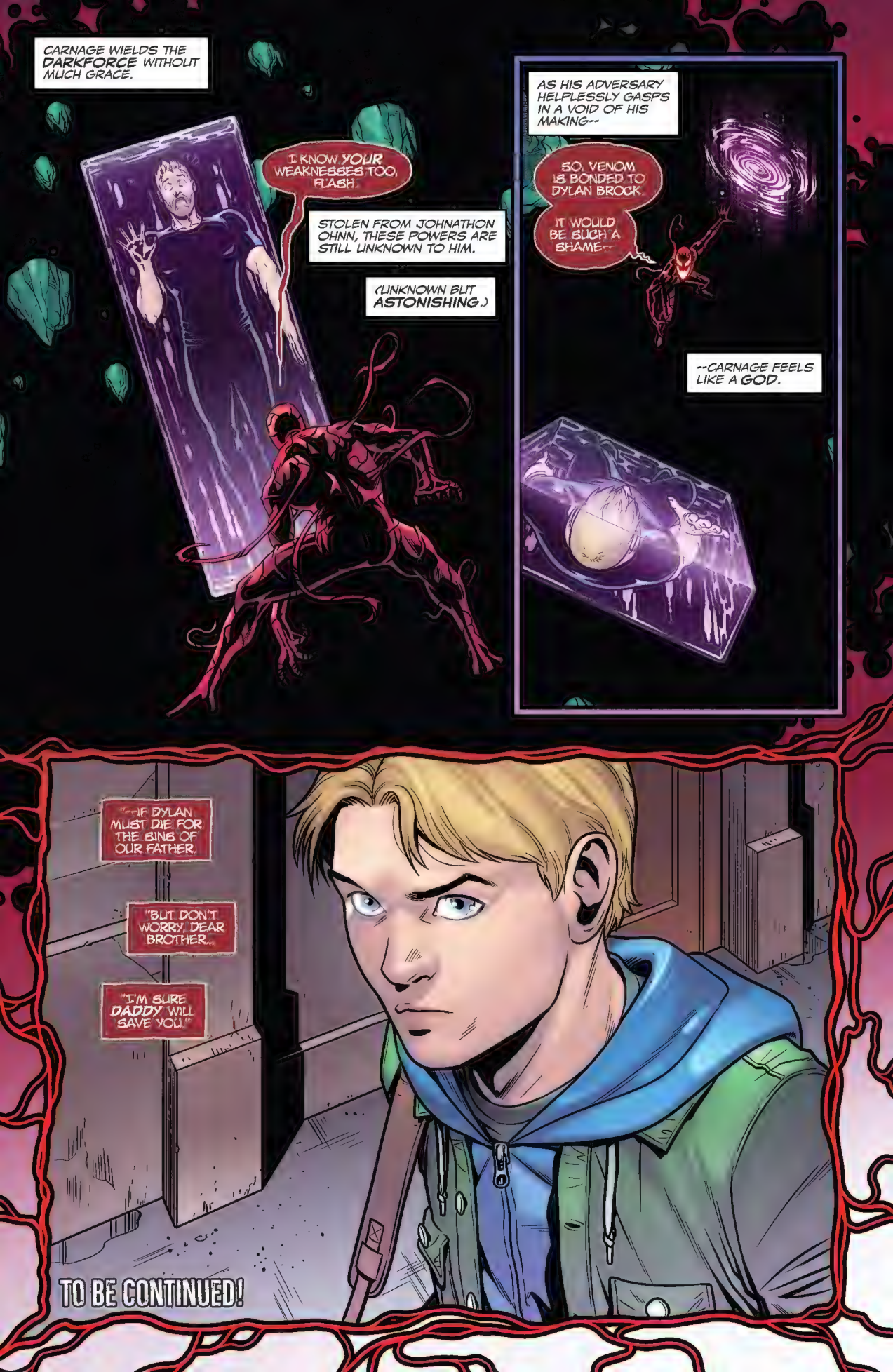
NOOOOO!

ENOUGH!!!

AND FLASH FEELS HIS **PAIN.**

DOOOOOOOM
THIS IS KILLING HIM.
ENOUGH...
WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?!
THIS IS KILLING CARNAGE.
HE FEELS A SURGE OF HOPE.
VENOM IS WITH DYLAN?
EDDIE LET VENOM BOND WITH HIS SON...
THE FOOL
AND HE THINKS--
AGHH!
--THIS IS THE MOMENT.

THIS IS THE MOMENT CARNAGE DIES.
HRKKK... NO...NO...
...I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU...
...FOR NOW.
(HE IS WRONG.)
WH-WH-WHAAT IS THIS?
I TOLD YOU...I HAVE EVOLVED
YOU DID NOT THINK I'D GO INTO THIS WITHOUT SOME PROTECTION, DID YOU?


CARNAGE WIELDS THE DARKFORCE WITHOUT MUCH GRACE.
I KNOW YOUR WEAKNESSES TOO, FLASH.
STOLEN FROM JOHNATHON OHNN, THESE POWERS ARE STILL UNKNOWN TO HIM.
(UNKNOWN BUT ASTONISHING.)
AS HIS ADVERSARY HELPLESSLY GASPS IN A VOID OF HIS MAKING--
SO. VENOM IS BONDED TO DYLAN BROCK.
IT WOULD BE SUCH A SHAME--
--CARNAGE FEELS LIKE A GOD.
"--IF DYLAN MUST DIE FOR THE SINS OF OUR FATHER.
"BUT DON'T WORRY, DEAR BROTHER...
"I'M SURE DADDY WILL SAVE YOU."
TO BE CONTINUED!

CARNAGE #1 VARIANT BY
MARCO MASTRAZZO

CARNAGE #1 FOIL VARIANT BY
GABRIELE DELL'OTTO

CARNAGE #1 VARIANT BY
ROSE BESCH

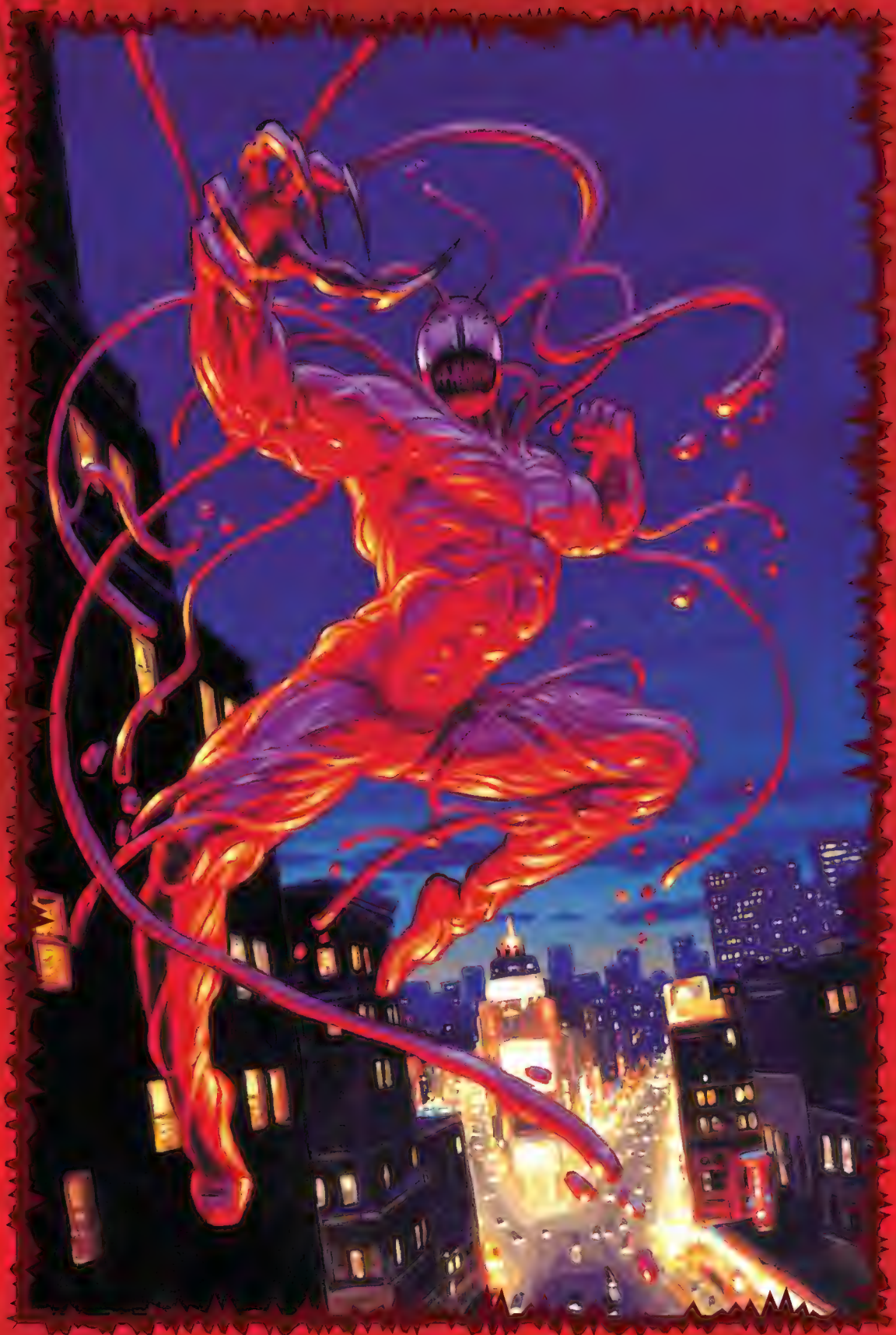
CARNAGE #1 VARIANT BY
PERE PÉREZ & RACHELLE ROSENBERG

CARNAGE #1 VARIANT BY
DECLAN SHALVEY

CARNAGE #2 VARIANT BY
SIMONE BIANCHI

CARNAGE #2 NIGHTMARE VARIANT BY
PEACH MOMOKO

CARNAGE #3 VARIANT BY **RYAN BROWN**



CARNAGE #3 MARVEL MASTERPIECES III VARIANT BY **GREG & TIM HILDEBRANDT**

CARNAGE #4 VARIANT BY **SERGIO DÁVILA, PERE PÉREZ** & **RACHELLE ROSENBERG**

CARNAGE #4 STORMBREAKERS VARIANT BY **CHRIS ALLEN** & **GURU-eFX**

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"An inventive spin on the duo to push them in a horror-inspired direction." – Comic Watch

CARNAGE SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH!

EVERY SYMBIOTE NEEDS A HOST. And for Carnage, there has only ever been one host who has made it feel whole. It's time for a reunion. Meanwhile, Flash Thompson has become convinced that a series of increasingly horrifying murders are all connected. As Flash puts the pieces together, get ready for Anti-Venom vs. Carnage – an all-out symbiote slugfest! Plus: While a reborn Cletus Kasady exacts his vengeance on an unsuspecting city, the Carnage symbiote remains adrift among the stars. The symbiote only has a few hurdles left before its glorious ascension to the throne of the King in Black - and the first is named Morlun!

COLLECTING ***WEB OF CARNAGE #1*** AND ***CARNAGE (2023) #1-4*** –
BY TORUNN GRØNBEKK, RAM V, CHRISTOS GAGE, PERE PÉREZ,
FRANCESCO MANNA, ZÉ CARLOS AND ERICK ARCINIEGA.

PARENTAL ADVISORY

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